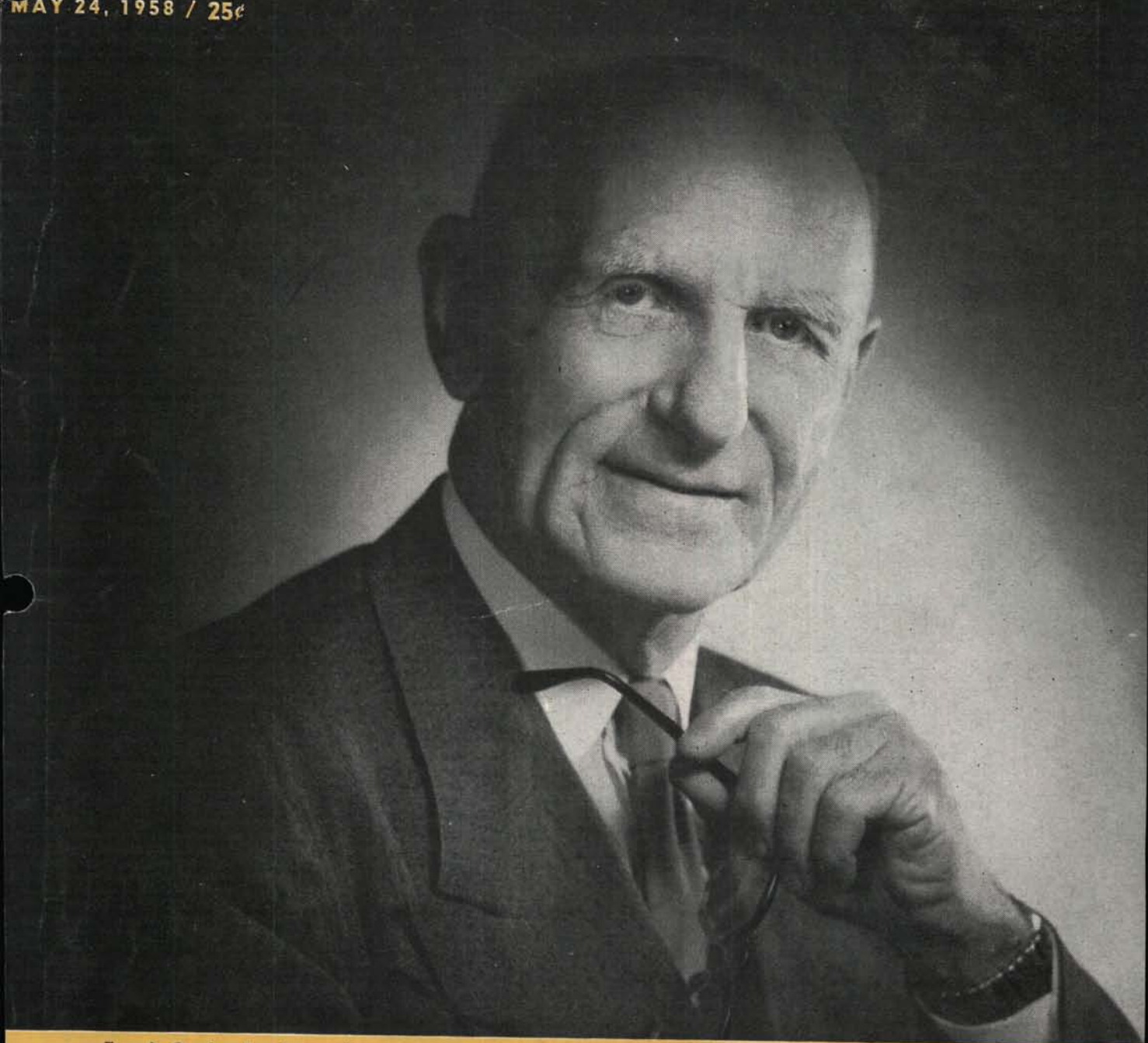
Saturday Review

MAY 24, 1958 / 25¢



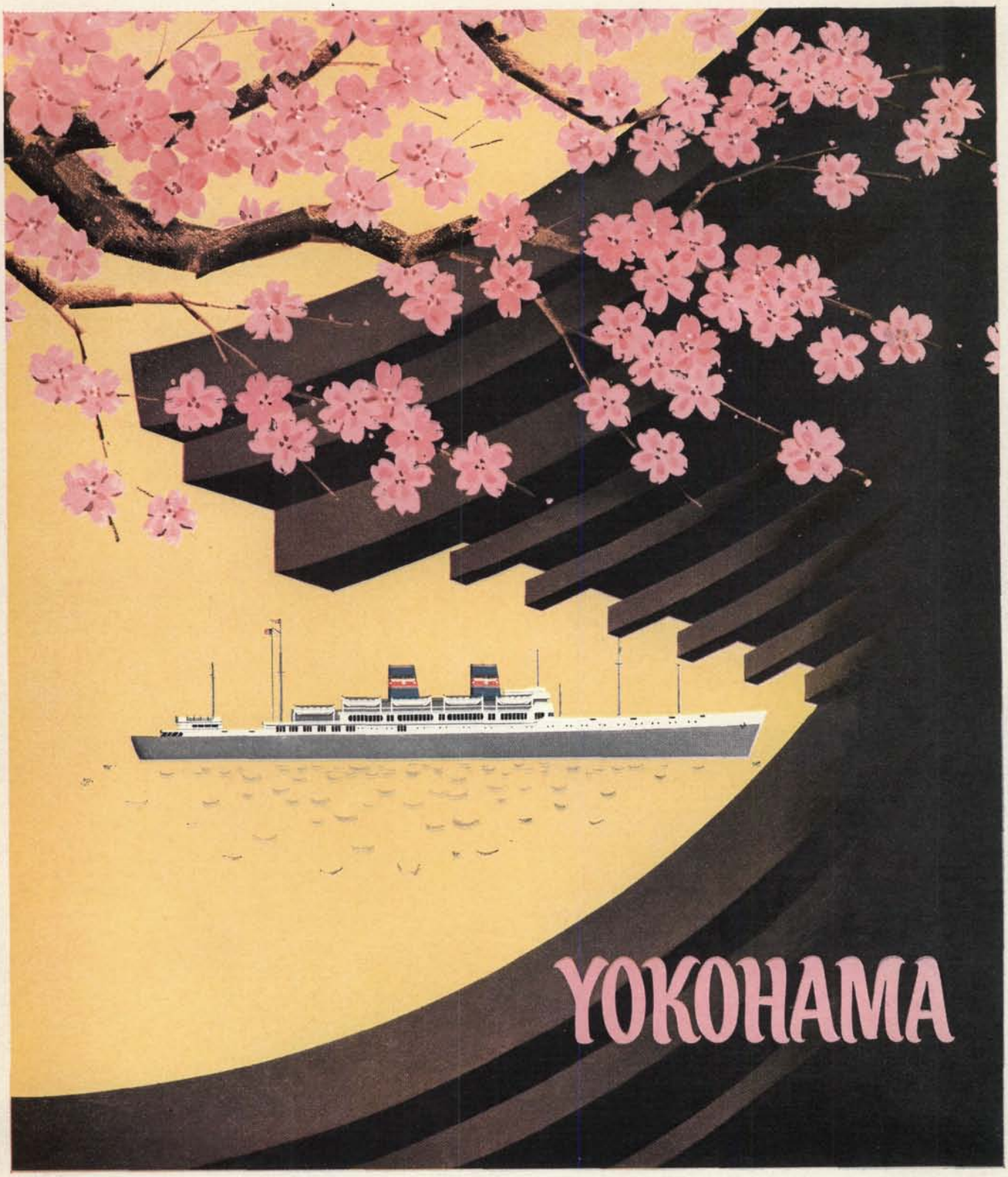
Frank G. Laubach, author of "The World Is Learning Compassion." (See page 13)

An Obligation to Tomorrow

By ALBERT SCHW

SH120980 91-142
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

GRAND FLEET OF THE PACIFIC AND 'ROUND THE WORLD

SERVING 50 PORTS ON 4 MAJOR TRADE ROUTES

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)

"And that is why I recommend 'The Fancher Train,' by Amelia Bean. This first novel is not only an account of an actual event in American history –the massacre of a wagon train by the Mormons of Southern Utah, but it is also an enormously readable book."

I had written this conclusion to a column and was looking it over, when my eye was caught by that word "enormously," and I realized that I had been publicly guilty of an offense against which I had been inveighing privately — the debasement of *enormous*.

Over-use of many words has deprived them of any real meaning: *awful, wonderful, terrific, tremendous, horrible* are examples. As Bergen Evans points out in his useful "Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage," these words have become meaningless and, in their use as mere intensives, absurd.

Enormous now seems to be suffering the same fate. I became acutely aware of this when, in one week, two of the critics I most respect, Jack Gould of the New York *Times* and Richard Watts of the New York *Post*, used it. To Mr. Gould a Bob Hope program was "enormously interesting"; to Mr. Watts, "Say, Darling" was "enormously engaging."

If we act now I am confident it is not too late to save *enormous*. I am forming an organization to be known as "Friends of Enormous," whose password will be, "Any F.O.E. is no foe to me."

I invite readers of this column who desire to become FOE's to send me examples of its misuse in criticism. For the first half-dozen I receive, I will send a copy of this column to the offender and a copy of "The Fancher Train" to the contributor.

As for "The Fancher Train," I will correct myself and say that it is a novel I recommend, not only for its historical background, but also because it is very readable. Very!

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Fancher Train" ($3.95), by Amelia Bean, is published by Doubleday; "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage" ($5.95) is published by Random House. Copies of both may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 4 York Street, Hanover, Pa. Correspondence concerning FOE's should be addressed to L. L. Day, Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

The Saturday Review

MAY 24, 1958

Cover Photograph: Robert Lindsay

SR/IDEAS

8 One Way to Spell Man, by Wallace Stegner

20 Learning Is Total: An Editorial, by Elmo Roper

21 An Obligation to Tomorrow, by Albert Schweitzer

36 Whither the American School?: A Forum in Books

SR/BOOKS

12 Literary Horizons

13 The World Is Learning Compassion, by Frank C. Laubach
Reviewed by Trevor Huddleston

14 Foreign Policy: The Next Phase, by Thomas K. Finletter
Reviewed by Frank Altschul

14 Defense of the Middle East, by John C. Campbell
Reviewed by John S. Badeau

16 The Northern Light, by A. J. Cronin
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst

16 A Friend in Power, by Carlos H. Baker
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

17 The Darling Buds of May, by H. E. Bates
Reviewed by E. P. Monroe

17 The Royal Succession, by Marcel Druon
Reviewed by Thomas Caldecot Chubb

18 Death of a Nation, by Clifford Dowdey
Reviewed by Richard S. West, Jr.

18 Why the Civil War? by Otto Eisenschiml
Reviewed by Bruce Catton

19 Six Days or Forever? by Ray Ginger
Reviewed by Joseph Wood Krutch

41 The Libation, by Edmund Keeley
Reviewed by Maxwell Geismar

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 Trade Winds

16 Literary I.Q.

29 Letters to the Editor

30 Broadway Postscript

32 *SR* Goes to the Movies

33 Booked for Travel

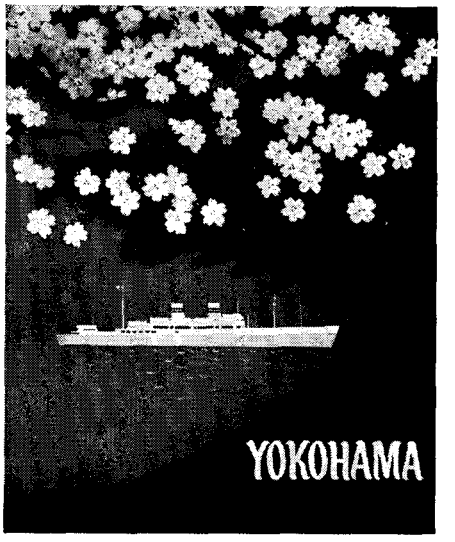
35 Music to My Ears

42 Literary Crypt

47 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1261

The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher; Executive Vice President and Treasurer: Norman Cousins, Vice President: Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Vol. XLI. No. 21. May 24, 1958. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952 at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1958 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.



YOKOHAMA—
HOST TO THE PRESIDENTS

The distant bronze voice of the temple gong, the clatter of wood-soled *getas* on the street: for her passengers these are the first sounds of travel adventure in Japan as the proud PRESIDENT CLEVELAND nears her Yokohama berth.

The flagship also bears precious raw materials for this busy nation's industry; her homeward route is the express highway to America for the finely fashioned products of Japan.

A President day in port begins. A day of peaceful exchange, of mutual good will. A day of esteem for America's colors, flying high over a proud President liner.

Visit Japan, the Philippines and Hong Kong on a 6-week discovery cruise from California aboard the PRESIDENTS CLEVELAND, HOOVER or WILSON. (The PRESIDENTS CLEVELAND and WILSON call at Hawaii both outbound and on return). Cruise fares from $1386 (with pvt. bath). Add an extension tour to Bangkok, Angkor Wat, Singapore, India. Pressed for time? Go one way by President liner, one way by air.

To Yokohama on the World's Greatest Travel Adventure

Visit Yokohama among 21 fabulous ports on a 'Round-the-World cruise of the passenger-cargo vessels, SS PRESIDENT POLK and SS PRESIDENT MONROE. Sailings every 8 weeks from New York and California. Fares from $3075. Or choose deluxe Mariners and other modern cargoliners for friendly freighter travel 'Round-the-World.

New York to California

2 weeks of enjoyment, rest, on sunny seas to California with the daytime transit of the Panama Canal—a memorable event of your voyage; aboard deluxe Mariners and other cargoliners—fares from $350. Add Acapulco aboard the PRESIDENT POLK or PRESIDENT MONROE. Min. fares to Acapulco, $475; to San Francisco, $550. See your travel agent for details.

See your freight forwarder or broker for cargo information.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

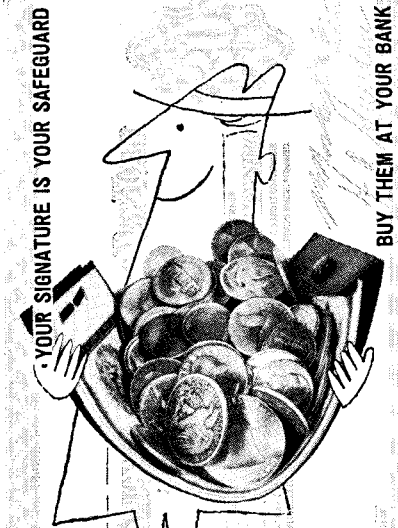
General Offices:
311 California Street, San Francisco 4, California

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOOD AS CASH ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

YOUR SIGNATURE IS YOUR SAFEGUARD

BUY THEM AT YOUR BANK



SAFE WAY TO CARRY MONEY

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

FULL REFUND IF LOST OR STOLEN

BACKED BY THE FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK OF NEW YORK

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

RCA *Sound Tape*

...on "Load-Easy" reels for fast tape threading!

Now available wherever superior-quality magnetic tape is sold. On 5" and 7" *Load-Easy Reels* for fast, simplified threading. Excellent for low-noise, extended-range recording and playback!

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Electron Tube Division Harrison, N. J.

TRADE Winds

THERE IS A totally untrue superstition that a good editor can always tell a top best-seller simply by reading the first sentence. True or not, this is a fascinating hypothesis, and we set out on foot on a recent rainy day to the 59th Street shop of Marboro Books to look into this whole preposterous idea personally.

Just in case you'd like to startle a book-shop manager someday, all you need to do is to ask him benignly if you could copy off the first sentence of the ten leading sellers of the day. Mr. John Weiss, manager, gave us

a pleasant but fishy look, shrugged his shoulders, and told us to help ourselves to this unusual reading diet.

We did.

All through the process we were jostled by book buyers who seemed to assume the same attitude—wondering why in the name of literature we were copying out of books in the busiest counter in the store.

NUMBER ONE on the Best-Seller List of *The New York Times* at the moment was "Anatomy of Murder" (St. Martins), by Robert Traver.

"The mine whistles were tooting midnight," it begins, "as I drove down the Main Street hill."

No clue here to a magic formula, but we continued doggedly.

Number Two: "The Winthrop Woman" (Houghton Mifflin), by Anya Seton. It starts: "Elizabeth saw the hedge shadows lengthening across the dusty land as the Fones Family jogged towards Groton."

Number Three: "Ice Palace" (Doubleday), by Edna Ferber. The start: "Every third woman you passed on Gold Street in Baranof was young, pretty, and pregnant."

Number Four: "North from Rome" (Harcourt, Brace), by Helen MacInnes. It begins: "At last the city was quiet."

Number Five: "By Love Possessed" (Harcourt, Brace), by James Gould Cozzens. "Love Conquers All—omnia vincit amor, said the gold scroll in a curve beneath the dial of the old French gilt clock."

Number Six: "The Greengage Summer" (Viking), by Rumer Godden "On and off, all that hot French August, we made ourselves ill from eating greengages."

Number Seven: "The White Witch" (Coward-McCann), by Elizabeth Goudge. "Two children stood gazing at the world over the garden gate."

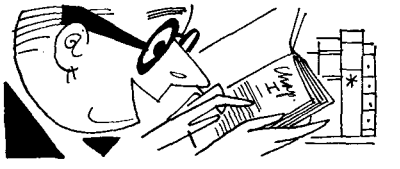
Number Eight: "The Sergeant" (Viking), by Dennis Murphy. "In the Second World War Master-Sergeant Callan was a hero."

Number Nine: "A Summer Place" (Ridge Press), by Sloan Wilson. "Pine Island, Maine, thrust itself out of the sea like a huge medieval castle."

Number Ten: "Rally Round the Flag, Boys" (Doubleday), by Max Shulman. "Here begins a tale of action and passion, a guts and glory story of men with entwined hearts, and women with raging juices."

OUR FIRST, ROUGH findings were enough to discourage the uninitiated. For instance, the average number of words were 14.9; there were exactly 10 periods; 9 commas; 12 "the's"; 5 prepositions.

The reference to a street of some kind, 2; a city or town involved, 3; proper names, 2; countries referred to directly or indirectly, 3; reference to the French, 2; the word "pregnant," 1; the word "tooting," 1; the word "guts," 1; reference to a color,

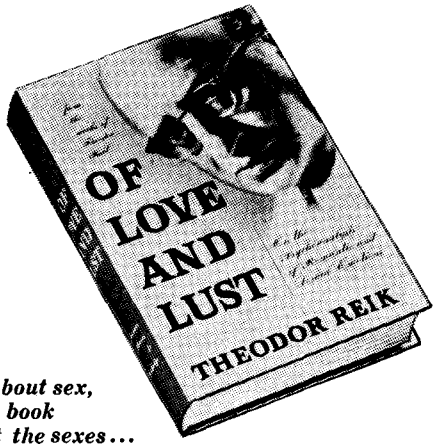


2; verbs, quite a few; the word "men," 1—and so forth.

OUT OF ALL THIS, we were convinced that a clear hypothesis could be determined, but just how it could be found was something of a problem. We applied pure reason to achieve these deductions: We would make our sentence twenty words long, on the theory that this amount was equal to two telegrams, the limit of our budget. We would of course include a color to brighten the sentence (we decided on scarlet, for instance, out of instinct), throw in a couple of proper names, as suggested by our research. Three or four verbs seemed best (we chose the words at random: *was, realized, caught, were*). In addition, we felt it best to include

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Exclusive* *with the* Marboro Book Club



***Not about sex, but a book about the sexes...**

"Men and women are emotionally as different as if they belonged to two different species. When they do the same thing, it is not the same, even when they do it together."—from OF LOVE AND LUST, a Marboro Book Club Selection by exclusive arrangement with Theodor Reik's publishers.

You can have any 3 of the books shown for only $3.75 with membership

CHOOSE from OF LOVE AND LUST—THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN—THE LIVING PAST—MASS CULTURE— and eight other important books as your introduction to membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB.

We live in an era that stresses sex, but tries to minimize the differences *between* the sexes. No wonder, then, that OF LOVE AND LUST has become one of the most controversial books in years. Written by Freud's most famous pupil, it reveals how differently from each other the two sexes live, think, and love—each attributing a significance that the other cannot understand to the sexual act that binds them together.

In OF LOVE AND LUST, Theodor Reik analyzes the difference between masculinity and femininity as they manifest themselves in almost every aspect of life...in normal and perverse sexuality, in romantic love, marriage, parenthood, bachelorhood, spinsterhood; even in the way we spend money.

Here is Reik at his fascinating best, showing us why women want marriage so profoundly and men struggle against it...why a woman's reasons for adultery are different from a man's...why women talk so much; and what the compulsive housekeeper is *really* trying to clean up...why men and women react differently to policemen (and to homosexuals)...and what a woman really means when she says she "hasn't a thing to wear." Anyone who has read OF LOVE AND LUST will tell you that it is worth every penny of its $7.50 bookstore price.

To demonstrate the values that discerning readers can expect from the MARBORO BOOK CLUB, we offer you any 3 books on this page (including OF LOVE AND LUST, if you wish) for exactly *half* what you'd ordinarily pay for OF LOVE AND LUST alone.

THE MARBORO BOOK CLUB pools your buying power with that of others who share *your* tastes, and saves you an average of 50% on the self-same books you would otherwise purchase at full price. With each four selections (or alternates) accepted at Special Members' Prices, you receive a superlative bonus volume of your choice at no additional charge.

Reach for a pencil right now and check off any three of the books shown. They're yours for only $3.75 with an introductory membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB. That's a saving of as much as $21.25 on regular bookstore prices. Mail the application form today, while this exclusive offer lasts.

Choose any 3 of these books for $3.75 with Introductory Membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB! Mail your application today.

☐ **OF LOVE AND LUST.** By Theodor Reik. Freud's most famous pupil analyzes the hidden nature of masculinity and femininity, normal and perverse, in romantic love, in marriage, parenthood, bachelorhood, and spinsterhood. *List Price $7.50*

☐ **THE LIVING PAST.** By Ivar Lissner. Brings triumphantly to life the great discoveries of archaeology, anthropology, and comparative religion. 508 pages, including 64 pp. of fabulous photographs — sculpture, idols, architecture, costumes, & other treasures of antiquity. *List Price $5.95*

☐ **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN.** By Romain Gary. The prize-winning novel of adventure and intrigue in Africa that the **N. Y. Times** calls "the most intellectually stimulating novel of 1958." 300,000 copies sold in France alone—and now a major bestseller in America. *List Price $4.50*

☐ **LAST TALES.** By Isak Dinesen. Twelve new tales of compelling beauty and enchantment by the author of *Seven Gothic Tales*. "A touch that's magic . . . Pure delight." — **N. Y. Times** *List Price $4.00*

☐ **TURGENEV'S LITERARY REMINISCENCES.** First time in English. Translated by David Magarshack. Preface by **Edmund Wilson.** A literary discovery. *List Price $5.00*

☐ **MASS CULTURE.** Ed. by Rosenberg & White. Monumental, wickedly revealing portrait of the "Lonely Crowd" at play. David Riesman, Edmund Wilson, Dwight MacDonald and other distinguished scholars descend upon the "popular" arts with diabolical zest. *List Price $6.50*

☐ **KLEE.** By Gualtieri di San Lazzaro. Paul Klee's greatest "one-man show" —a triumphant summary of the life and work of this Einstein among painters, with 360 reproductions of his most famous and enigmatic works, including 80 full color plates. *List Price $5.75*

☐ **RELIGION AND THE REBEL.** By Colin Wilson, author of **The Outsider.** "The idea behind it is one of the most important in the thought of our time, the most effective challenge to materialistic philosophy yet conceived."—**N. Y. Times.** *List Price $4.00*

☐ **AND THERE WAS LIGHT.** Man's Discovery of the Universe: From Babylonia to Sputnik. By Rudolf Thiel. Does for Astronomy what **Gods, Graves and Scholars** did for archaeology. 128 illus. *List Price $6.95*

☐ **BEING AND NOTHINGNESS.** By Jean-Paul Sartre. Sartre's Philosophy of Being, including his views on social relations, his doctrine of freedom, and existential psychoanalysis. 635 pages. *List Price $10.00*

☐ **THE LIVELIEST ART.** By Arthur Knight. A panoramic history of the Motion Picture as an art form—from Melies and Griffith and Eisenstein to Rasho-mon, Rossellini, and Mike Todd—by the distinguished film critic of the **Saturday Review.** With photographs. *List Price $7.50*

☐ **THE GREEK EXPERIENCE.** By C. M. Bowra. An almost incredibly brilliant summing-up of the whole achievement of Greek civilization from the time of Homer to the Fall of Athens, with 64 full pages of rare photographs. The London **Spectator** calls it "A masterpiece"—and it is. *List Price $6.00*

MARBORO BOOK CLUB
131 Varick Street, New York 13, N. Y.

You may enroll me as a new member of the Marboro Book Club. Please send me the THREE books checked at the left at only $3.75 plus shipping for all three. Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a Monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional books (or alternates) at the reduced Member's Price during the next twelve months; and I may resign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four additional books I accept.

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

(Memberships available only in continental U. S. and Canada. Prices slightly higher in Canada.) M-246

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this SPECIAL OFFER, you may return the books within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS YEAR

THE BELL SYSTEM IS PUTTING MORE THAN TWO BILLION DOLLARS IN NEW FACILITIES

We are doing this because we are confident that growing America will need, buy, and use more telephone service tomorrow than today.

We are doing it to improve our service further and make the telephone even more convenient. This we are sure will stimulate more use.

These 1958 expenditures are higher than the average in the post-war years—and close to the highest in any year.

A stimulus to the economy of the whole country

Our goal, as I have said, is to serve you better than ever. In addition, the way this money flows out to other businesses stimulates the economy of the whole country.

Wherever there are new telephone buildings going up, or jobs of maintenance, there is work for local builders, carpenters, plumbers, electricians, painters and many others.

Our spending means business too for thousands of other companies and workers in those companies. Last year the Bell System through Western Electric, its manufacturing and purchasing unit, bought from 33,000 firms throughout the country.

Nearly nine out of ten of these are small businesses, each with fewer than 500 employees. This year again we expect to buy about a billion dollars worth of goods and services from other industries.

To go ahead with our 1958 construction, we in the Bell System have raised nearly a billion dollars of new capital

in the last six months. Obviously, investors will continue to entrust their savings to us only if they can expect reasonable earnings on the money they risk.

Good service at reasonable profit keeps the road to progress open

So telephone progress—and the advantage to all that comes from our pushing ahead—begins with our faith that Americans want good and improving service at prices which allow a fair profit.

This is the way of life which in our country has stimulated invention, nourished enterprise, created jobs, raised living standards, and built our national strength. As long as we live by this principle, the future of the telephone is almost limitless in new possibilities for service to you.

Fr Kappel

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, PRESIDENT
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

certain other words which might not have been indicated by our current research. These included: *twins, charm, when, seldom, beautifully,* on the grounds that there was absolutely no harm in trying out this combination. There were other factors involved, also, which are too lengthy to go into here.

OUR FIRST ATTEMPT turned out to be abortive. The sentence ran something like this: "Charm caught not men, but beautiful, scarlet twins."

This of course was ridiculous. *Nobody* would read a book which began that way. And, in addition, we had not been able to include all the elements which we knew were necessary. The proper names, for instance, were missing. For some cosmic reason, the names "O'Hara" and "Tarleton" sprang into mind—and suddenly the unity and beauty of the whole structure appeared at once. We wrote the magic sentence down without blenching: "Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were."

Here at last was the quintessence of beauty for an opening sentence of a great best seller.

It was only later that a friend pointed out the striking similarity to the sentence and the opening words of "Gone With the Wind."

STILL NOT DISCOURAGED, we went on to track the *closing* sentences of current best-sellers.

At random, we noticed the last lines of the Helen MacInnes book. It reads: "'Yes,' he said, as he turned back into the room, 'yes, I'm here'."

Then we picked up the James Gould Cozzens, to read its final words: "He said: 'I'm here'."

There remained no further research to do. When you get to the end of a best-seller, don't write "The End." Simply write: "I'm here."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1260)

ROBERT S. HICHENS:

HOW LOVE CAME

(TO PROFESSOR GUILDEA)

(From Alfred Hitchcock: "Stories They Wouldn't Let Me Do On TV")

Parrots are extraordinarily observant. It is a pity that their means of reproducing what they see are so limited. Their echo of gesture would be as remarkable as their echo of voice often is. Hands are missing, but they do many things with their heads.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KNOW.

Knoutberry, variant of KNOTBERRY.

Know (nō), *v.* Pa. t. **knew** (nĭū). Pa. pple. **known** (nōn). Forms: *Inf.* 1 cnáwan, 3–4 cnawe(n; 2–4 cnowe(n, 3 cnoue(n, 4–5 cnow; 3–5 knawe,n, 3–4 knaun, 5 *Sc.* knaue, (5–7 -naw); 3–5 (3– *Sc.* and *dial.*) knaw; 3–4 knowen, 3 kneowen, 3–5 knoue(n, 5–6 knou, 6 knowne), 3–7 knowe, (6–7 kno), 5– know. *Pa. t.* 1–3 cnēow, 3 cneou, cnew, cneu, 3–4 kneow, 3–6 kneu, (4 kneuz, kneuh, kne3, knev, knuz, 5 kneew, knogh), 4–6 knewe, 3– knew. Also 3 cnawed, 5 knowede, 9 *dial.* knowed. *Pa. pple.* 1 cnáwen, 3–5 knawen, 3–4 knauen, (3 knaun(e), 4 knawe, 6 knaw, 7 *Sc.* knawne, 9 *Sc.* and *north.* knawn; 3–5 cnowe(n, 4–7 knowen, (4 -un, 4–5 -yn), 4–5 know(e, (5 kno, 6 knouin, knoen, 7 knouen), 6–7 knowne, 6– known. Also 2–3 i-cnawe(n, 3 -cnowe(n, 2–4 i-, yknaw(e)n, -knowe(n. Also 3 knawed, knaued, knaud, 4 (9 *dial.*) knowed. [A Com. Teut. and Com. Aryan vb., now retained in Eng. alone of the Teut. languages: OE. *(ge)cnáwan*, pa. t. *(ge)cnēow*, pa. pple. *(ge)cnáwen* = OHG. *-chnâan*, *-chnâan*, *-knâan*, ON. pres. ind. *knâ*, pl. *knegum*, Gothic type **knâan*, **kaiknô*, **knâians*, a redupl. vb. not found in existing remains. Outside Teut., = OSlav. *zna-ti*, Russ. *zna-t* to know; L. **gnō-*, whence the inceptive *(g)nōscĕre*, perf. *(g)nōvī*, pa. pple. *(g)nōt-us*; Gr. **γνω-*, whence redupl. and inceptive *γι-γνώ-σκειν*, 2 aor. *ἔ-γνω-ν*; Skr. *jnā-* know. Generally held to be from the same root (*gen-*, *gon-*, *gn-*) as CAN *v.*, and KEN. Already in early times the simple vb. had sustained various losses; in L. and Gr. the pres. stem survived only in derived forms; in Gothic the word is not recorded; in ON. the pres. inf. was obs.; in ON. and OHG. the orig. strong pa. t. and pa. pple. were lost; in OHG. and OE. the vb. was app. known only in composition, as in OE. *geondwan*, *oncnáwan*, *tōcnáwan*. The first of these may be considered as the historical ancestor of ME. and mod. *know*, for although it came down in southern ME. as *i-knowen*, *y-knowe*, the prefix was regularly dropped in midl. and north., giving the simple stem form *cnawen*, *knawe(n*, *knowe(n*, which was well-established in all the main senses by 1200 (a single instance being known *a* 1100). The verb has since had a vigorous life, having also occupied with its meaning the original territory of the vb. WIT, Ger. *wissen*, and that of CAN, so far as this meant to 'know'. Hence Eng. *know* covers the ground of Ger. *wissen*, *kennen*, *erkennen*, and (in part) *können*, of Fr. *connaître*, *savoir*, of L. *nōvisse*, *co-gnōscĕre*, and *scīre*, [illegible] and *οἶδα* (*οἶδα*). But it has supplanted *know*, and [illegible] equivalent of 'know' in all [illegible] of significa-tion. As *geondwan* came [illegible] 1400 in form *iknowe* [illegible] in southern ME. [illegible] *Sig-* [illegible] cover [illegible] verbs, [illegible] Teutonic and Romanic [illegible] difficulty in arranging [illegible] factorily. However, as the word is etymologically related to Gr. *γιγνώσκειν*, L. *(g)nōscĕre* and *(g)nōvisse*, F. *connaître* (=L. *cognōscĕre*) to 'know by the senses', Ger. *können* and *kennen*, Eng. *can*, *ken*, it appears proper to start with the uses which

KNOW.

the [illegible] forms and phrases by wh[illegible] expres[illegible] in which the word 'know' an exista[illegible]ce, without referen[illegible]e to t[illegible] its uses.

Know, in its m[illegible]ral sense, has been defin[illegible] as 'To hold for tr[illegible]al with assurance and [illegible] is held to be] an adequ[illegible]tive foundation'. M[illegible] Ward, in *Encycl. Brit.* [illegible] s.v. *Psychology*, n[illegible] the word two main meanings [illegible] *know* may mean [illegible] perceive or apprehend, or it may [illegible] to understand [illegible] prehend... Thus a blind man, who [illegible] *knows* about [illegible] in the first sense, may *know* about lit[illegible] he second, studies a treatise on ey[illegible]s.' Others hol[illegible] the pri[illegible] and only proper object of knowing is a fac[illegible] our sense [illegible], and that all so-called knowing[illegible] persons resolves itself, upon analysis, into the [illegible] certain facts about them, as their existence, iden[illegible] attributes, etc., the particular fact being und[illegible] the context, or by a consideration of the kind [illegible] it usually wanted to be known about the [illegible] in question. Thus, 'Do you know Mr. G.[illegible] Balliol College?' have different meanin[illegible] kind of facts about Mr. G. or Balliol C[illegible] objects of inquiry.

I. 1. *trans.* To perceive (a[illegible] identical with one perceive[illegible] one has a previous notion [illegible] tify. Sometimes with *ac*[illegible]

[*Beowulf* 2037 Meaht þu [illegible] þū fæder to sæfeðe læ[illegible] gif min fæder me bandlāp [illegible] 26 Da he ðā he [illegible] *Glosses* 7b *Boecentur*, *I. Intell*[illegible] *c* 1200 ORMIN 2314 Lamb[illegible] modert þær ibo blunnde. *c* 1290 *C*[illegible] comen..To Ioseþ, and he ne knewe[illegible] *Cursor M.* 4209 Quen his fader his birt[illegible] gamen him com to glee. *c* 1400 *Foundley*[illegible] All sone he hym with-drogh, ffro he saw that [illegible] 1560 DAUS tr. *Sleidane's Comm.* 232 Thi[illegible] whether that in the life everlasting, we shal kno[illegible] other. 1634 SIR T. HERBERT *Trav.* 11 After two [illegible] pursuit, they knew her for a Portugall Carrack. 1701 *Let. to Wycherley* 20 Apr., They would not be cha[illegible] much, but any one would know them for the same sight. 1724 DE FOE *Mem. Cavalier* (1840) 26 For fo[illegible] more I knew nobody. 1865 KINGSLEY *Hereward* v. (1[illegible] I knew you, in spite of your hair, by your eyes[illegible] HOWELLS *Ital. Journ.* 65, I wonder how he sho[illegible] known us for Americans?

b. To recognize or distinguish, or k[illegible] distinguish (one thing) *from* (another[illegible] *Herodotus*.

c 2375 *Cursor M.* 6400 (Fairf.) Mony atte[illegible] gode fra þe ille. 2406 HOCCLEVE *La mo*[illegible] can I knowe feeste fro penaunce. 1598 S[illegible] m. iii. 44 We'll teach him to know Tu[illegible] 1704 POPE *Windsor For.* 175 Scarce could[illegible] her nymph be known. 1843 MACAULAY[illegible] Ess. 1865 III. 295 Burney loved his ow[illegible] and Johnson just knew the bell of Sai[illegible] from the organ.

c. *Intr.* To distinguish *between*[illegible]

1864 LOWELL *Fireside Trav.* 3 Let him know between the good and evil fruits.

† 2. *trans.* To recognize in some capacity; to acknowledge; to admit the claims or authority of. = BERNOW 3. *Obs.*

1225 *Leg. Kath.* 2066 To him we kennið & cnawið to [illegible] 27 R. GLOUC. (Rolls) 3995 Þat þou ne[illegible] him iknowe [illegible] *E. Allit. P. C.* 519 [illegible] admit.

c 1200 ORMIN 9618 Ne wollden þeȝ nohht cnawenn Ne ȝatenn þatt ieȝȝ wærenn oliht Sinnfulle. *a* 1300 *Cursor M.* 5307 Þat we haue misdon we will knaw. *c* 1375 *Leg. Fathes Alust Fr. (MS. B.)* 51 Lered & lewed þat wil .. knowe to [illegible] admit.

[illegible] him sehen [illegible] is shapen. *c* 1305 [illegible] Vche eriſten creature [illegible] *Mirr.* iii. Fable 17 [illegible] he proyseth hym self. [illegible] *to knowe*, whiche is in [illegible] *Treat. Humility* ii. [illegible] do not understand them-[illegible] made to know themselves [illegible] In order to repent, a [illegible]

[illegible] experience of (something) as [illegible] to have experienced, met with, [illegible] one. Also *fig.* of inanimate things. Chie[illegible] egative forms of expression.

1390 GOWER *Conf.* III. Justice of Iowe the was holde..The cities knewen no delaie. 1591 SHAKS. *Two Gent.* v. iii. 16 In having knowne no trauaile in his youth. 1697 DRYDEN [illegible] wander, grazing [illegible] rbour know. 1877 [illegible] ims never known [illegible] that the person [illegible] s. 1879 K. K. [illegible] which knows [illegible] Lad't, And [illegible] tion lad.

[illegible] acquainted with under the name of *Tarmarind* commonly called.

1889 *Cooperative News* XVIII. 242 The timbers are not [illegible] to be [illegible] known as 'blue'.

The Oxford English Dictionary

To KNOW—to *want* to know

People talk now about the importance of KNOWING, of the new rush to get more Americans to know more things.

Both the importance and the rush are true enough; there can be no argument about that.

But what is even truer is that *wanting* to know is half the battle, that the longing, the hunger, the appetite for knowing are in themselves a kind of victory.

So it is that our sudden upgrading of men who KNOW is a tremendous good which is developing throughout the land.

In schools and colleges, on newspapers and networks and to TIME's writers, researchers and editors, this upsurge of desire for wider, surer knowing is cause indeed for celebration.

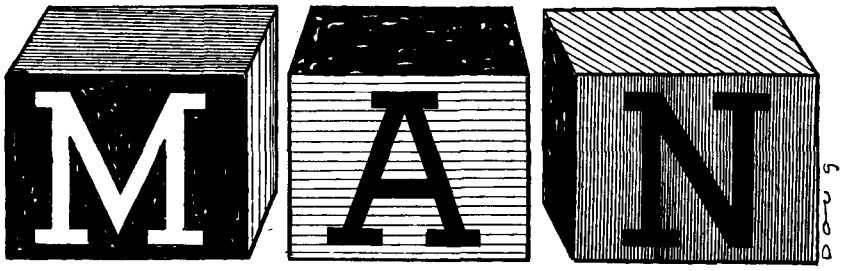
TIME—The Weekly Newsmagazine

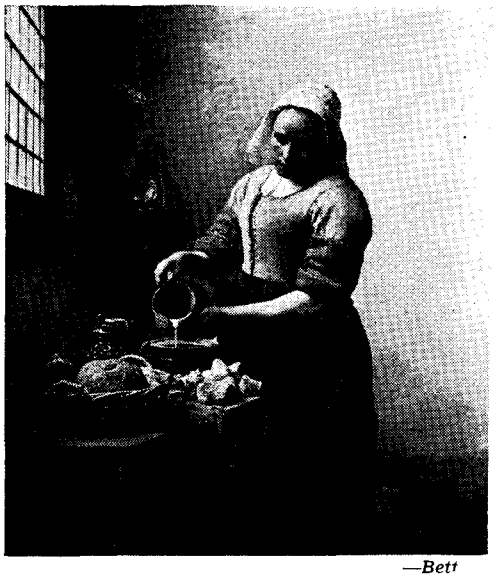
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

MAY 24, 1958

ONE WAY TO SPELL





—Bett

By WALLACE STEGNER

SINCLAIR Lewis's old bacteriologist Max Gottlieb told young Martin Arrowsmith that the only sure thing in this life is the quantitative method. Perhaps he was right. The empirical process needs no defense: hypothesis, experiment, and verification have lengthened our lives, shrunk our globe, idled our hands, replaced our legs with wheels, created pills to galvanize our inertia and pills to soothe our hysteria, dictated the classifications in our bird books and the alloys in our burglar alarms, told us what crops to plant and what weathers to expect, synthesized our insect sprays and toughened the fiber of our insects, made clear the material structure of the universe, taken the natural virtues out of our foods, put synthetic virtues back into them, and shaped the intellectual and physical life of nearly everyone. No one in these days is in any real danger of underestimating the importance of the quantitative method. The danger is precisely the reverse. Because the method *is* sure, because it has proved effective in so many things, we may be (and some of us clearly are) deluded into thinking that it can do anything, that there is no sort of question that it cannot ultimately answer.

It is preposterous to stand up seriously and assert the validity of the arts as a means to truth; and yet one probably needs to, at least against those who do not think but whose collective thoughtlessness is made by stochastic processes to represent and even guide public opinion. We hear so often, sounding under the cry for more mathematicians, more engineers, the positivist and pragmatist scorn for the arts and literature as "frills," the contemptuous conviction that the tradition of the past is 90 per cent argument in support of error. Art and literature, we understand, are charming (for those who like such things) survivals, hangovers from the days of witchcraft and wonder, and science will sooner or later render them unnecessary.

There is probably a real quarrel between the arts and technology—what could Vermeer make of a General Electric kitchen?—but surely there is none between art and science, nor between their respective intentions and methods. Science does not represent a system that will ultimately freeze art and the other witchcrafts out, but a method that supplements, and will always need supplementing by, the artist's ancient and unverifiable insights. There are questions that science not only cannot answer but doesn't know how to ask; there are kinds of truth with which it should not concern itself, and which, if it does concern itself with them, go dead in its hands. The world, as John Foxe remarked in "The Book of Martyrs," is a vast nursery, and men are children engaged in trying to spell God with the wrong blocks. In that effort, necessarily doomed to failure, the arts are as important as the vowels are in the alphabet. We do not help by asking our children to spell God with nothing but the consonants of science.

As a system, as a bent of mind,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*From "Lascaux, or the Birth of Art" (Skira).*

The artistic impulse is the most mysterious of those qualities which separate human beings from the rest of the Animal Kingdom. And there is more to art than esthetics, for the artist has always been the chief and indispensable reformer of society. Art's source lies deep in some fluid substance of semi-consciousness: neither the Aurignacian cow of 20,000 years ago (above) nor "The Cook" (by Vermeer, at left) is the product of objective calculation. It is this non-scientific aspect of art which forms the main subject of this piece by Wallace Stegner, author and college teacher. The article is a revision of an address given before the National Council of Teachers of English, as part of a discussion Mr. Stegner shared with Dean Thomas Hall of Washington University, St. Louis.

science aims at the understanding of the material world. Along with everything else, it examines man himself, dissects his tissues, tinkers with his endocrines, measures the electrical discharges of his brain, scrutinizes the effect upon him of personality-changing drugs, classifies his physical and psychic types, by cybernetics imitates his thought processes and by photosynthesis tries to reproduce the very life that animates him. It is entirely proper that it should do all these things, and more: anything that can be quantified ought to be quantified, everything that will submit to scientific measure ought to be measured, and there is no way of telling what will submit until the attempt has been made. But this does not mean that all the results of all the sciences, no matter how much we learn of the endocrines and the brain, no matter if we project ourselves into space or clear out of our proper order of magnitudes, no matter if we reproduce life in laboratories, will render art unnecessary or prove it invalid. One has a certain faith that even the black boxes, the robots, and the other golems of the investigators, will by some trick of feedback or induced current learn to evade control and develop consciousness, emotions, and inevitably art. Science will not have made man or life complete until some robot rudely draws a transformer or an insulator on the laboratory wall.

Art is the record of man acting, man as aware experience; and though scientific discovery may well modify it by modifying man himself, it seems likely to affect only the forms, never the essence. As Albert Camus has said, in art "a profound thought is in a constant state of becoming. It adopts the experience of a life and assumes its shape." No scientific advance, and no subsequent art either, really affects it. Atomic weapons do not make Homer unreadable; Copernicus, Newton, and Sir James Jeans have not taken the poetic truth out of "Paradise Lost"; Ibsen does not replace Shakespeare any more than Shakespeare replaced Aeschylus. And here lies one of the differences between art and science. For Harvey *did* do irreparable harm to the medical science of Galen; and Einstein, Urie, Fermi, Bohr, and company have taken a great deal of the order out of Newton's universe. The fact is, *progress* is not a word that is very useful in art. While science proceeds from imperfect or disproved hypotheses to new hypotheses, from synthesis to higher synthesis, art may in its very beginnings arrive at some of the highest expressions of its own peculiar sort of truth. The bulls on the cave walls of Lascaux were masterpieces when they were painted more than 15,000 years ago, and they remain masterpieces. There, from the very dawn of the species itself, looks out at us a spirit that jolts us with the recognition of our shared humanity.

And so if one is driven to say a word for the humanities and the arts in a time when too much ill-considered technocratic noise pretends to be the "voice of science," one is not speaking against science or scientists, but only for sanity. Science and art are complementary, not competing. And it would be idiotic to defend the arts for pseudo-scientific or pragmatic reasons, for any "usefulness" as "communication" or "therapy" or anything else that they may incidentally have. They are indispensable precisely because they are expressions of truth, a way of understanding at the deepest level the world of man.

At their most creative edge, science and art both represent original questionings, pure research, and both rely upon a galvanizing and originating intuition. It is in their proofs that they differ. When scientific research has succeeded, moreover, and has reached the stage of public verification, it is open to exploitation as technology, whose function is the reproduction of useful goods. But when art has unveiled some truth and it has become everybody's property and the method of its unveiling is part of everybody's technique, its name is stereotype, and stereotype is not valuable in artistic matters, whatever it may be in an industrial world dedicated to mass production with interchangeable parts. Artistic insights tend to remain discrete; they do not necessarily make the building blocks of future insights; the tradition accumulates less by accrual than by deviation and rebellion.

And when a science and an art accost the same materials, the same apparent problems, it becomes very clear that they ask a different kind of questions. Examine a piece of literature in the light of communications theory; pose it as a model communications system, strive for the equation that will express its entropy, get

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all the reluctant variables under control and measure the intellectual and emotional output against the intellectual and emotional input: you may have demonstrated something, even something important, about something, but not about literature as an art. For it is of the essence of art that it is different things to different people. Within certain fluid boundaries of general meaning and feeling a writer is, as Robert Frost has said, entitled to anything a reader can find in him.

And when the creative process itself is put under examination, as it has been for the past year at the University of California, strange findings may emerge and strange conflicts arise. I believe that the clinical examiners there have found writers their most recalcitrant and difficult subjects; they do not often cooperate; they question the questioners, they doubt the method, they repudiate the purpose, they cling jealously to their *Geist* and their *mystique*.

THE point is, they are normally interested not at all in the creative process, whatever that may be. The process is to them only the loose collection of skills and habits and witchcrafts and prayers, best not examined too closely, by which they manage to keep "a profound thought in a constant state of becoming." So when an examiner shoves a box of alphabetical blocks across a desk to Frank O'Connor and asks him to demonstrate, using the blocks as elements of raw material and structure, how he "builds" or creates a story, she has from a writer's point of view earned O'Connor's reply: that he quit playing with blocks when he was three. What he is trying to spell in his stories, whether "God" or "Man" or any other small difficult word, is not spellable in such terms as the blocks imply, and is not susceptible to the quantitative or mensurative or statistical methods of social science. It is precisely because they *are* creative, and not statistical, that the writers have given the clinicians trouble.

Art is all variables, all particulars—and yet at the moment of meeting, both work and reader must operate as wholes and must collaborate toward meaning. The total experience of his life, conscious, unconscious, pre-and-post-natal, is potentially involved when Frank O'Connor writes a story. To read it right, a reader must bring the same sort of wholeness, the same sort of attention, to his response. It seems to me clear that systematic analysis is not the proper reading method—certainly not the whole or final method. A difficult work may require some preliminary dissection, and analysis after the meeting of work and reader may help the reader clarify his own response and the qualities he responds to. But the response, like the work itself, eludes final analysis; and to see how inconclusive even the most sustained, elaborate, and cunning critical analysis is, consult the history of the criticism of any great literary work, say "Hamlet." The play remains free, with a solid reality of its own, as mysterious as life and much more enduring. "Humanity," says one of Isak Dinesen's characters, "the men and women of this earth, are only the plaster of God, and we, the artists, are His tools, and when the statue is finished in marble or bronze, He breaks us all up. When you die you will probably go out like a candle, with nothing left, but in the mansions of eternity will walk Orlando, the Misanthrope, and my Donna Elvira."

What anyone who speaks for art must be prepared to assert is the validity of non-scientific experience and the seriousness of non-verifiable insight. The second is the easier: for nearly a hundred years now literature has assumed for some people the spiritual responsibilities traditionally belonging to religion. Literature has become for many of us, as it became for the father of William Butler Yeats and many of his generation, the source of wisdom and the receptacle of values. But at the risk of flogging a corpse, let us summarize a hypothetical hostile point of view. We may borrow the corpse from Philip Wheelwright and Eliseo Vivas, and it is such a corpse as deserves to be flogged. As Wheelwright and Vivas describe what they call "semantic positivism," it assumes that

1) Literary observations and insights are unverified, hence unverifiable, and hence always inferior to insights obtained through the experimental method.
2) Emotion is the essential element that distinguishes poetic from scientific matters; emotions are merely unformed ideas; hence the essential nature of poetic insight is both subjective and vague, hence unreliable, hence inferior.
3) There are two kinds of language, one rigorous, denotative, semantically aseptic, suitable for science (compare Professor Bloomfield's "Mathematics is the best that language can do"), and the other connotative, associative, and subjective, suitable for poetry. Science uses language "purely," aspiring toward the precision of mathematics; poetry, on the other hand, "exploits ambiguity."

There are numerous things about that hypothetical position that one would like to comment on, particularly the implicit justification it contains for all the dialects of behavioral-science jargon. But what is more important here, clearly, is that if we accept this position we tacitly accept the secondary status, and eventually the withering away, of all religion, all metaphysics, most philosophy, much history, and even some branches of mathematics. Or we shall have to admit that these varieties of human experience are merely entertaining, without relation to the truth as men can know it. Or we shall have to look upon them as residual and doomed, like the belief in poltergeists and the rites of Astarte. Or we shall have to compromise by saying that much is unknowable even by the most imaginative applications of the experimental method, and that art, religion, and metaphysics are ritual or systematic formulations of unknowability, the best we can do with these refractory subjects under the circumstances.

Possibly the arts may be very often merely entertaining, remote from the profounder truth, and entangled in ritual. But at their best they are a perfectly valid instrument of knowledge: knowledge of things *as experienced,* knowledge of which both observed and observer make a part. If they were not, we could not be jolted across fifteen millennia by the marvelous rightness of those bulls of Lascaux, by the way in which, through capturing one image of movement and power, a naked cave man has managed to suggest infinite possibilities of movement and power and the incurable wonder of life.

What is added to brute fact by art is something like what is added to the bumblebee to permit him to fly. Aerodynamically it is impossible that a bumblebee should fly; in experience, he buzzes by your ear.

ART is neither conceptual nor propositional. Its truths are not the truths of experiment nor yet the propositions of deductive logic. It does not deal in such generalizations as "All men are liars." It deals in individual liars. Like all the arts, literature is exemplary, it proceeds iconically, it arrives not at general concepts but at what Wheelwright and perhaps others have called "concrete universals." Its truth is conceptualized in the union of work and reader; it is an insight communicated by example

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from writer to reader. Also, it inevitably takes some coloration from the reader's temperament and state of mind and cultural background. It is a collaboration, a meeting of minds and spirits, a thing that lights up like love. It gets much of its virtue, as its detractors assert, from a controlled ambiguity. It does not state: it imitates or reflects, and is witnessed.

As there is truth in the charge that poetry deals in ambiguities, so there is truth in the assertion that art is not "objective." It never is. It may *pretend* to be, for purposes of its own, but it should never *try* to be. A literary masterpiece involves the presence of two temperaments (and sometimes, between them as guide or catalyst or obfuscator, the critic). It is incurably iconic, but not objective; a better adjective would be "clear-eyed." The artist himself is a lens to see through, and I cannot see how the worth of any work of art can be based upon anything but the testing—by the best audiences over a considerable period of time—of the artist's insight. The proof of art, in other words, is in the response, in the esthetic experience. By no means all artists are dependable, but neither are all audiences. Art is one of the most wasteful of human activities, filled with trial and error, nonsense, failure, unjust neglect, pretension, indifference, and the sad inadequacy of the human instrument.

BUT in the rare instances when the human instrument is clear eyed, the linguistic instrument evocative, and the audience adequate, who will deny that literature can bring us truths: real truths, truths in solution, buried in their contexts, embedded and implicit in their created worlds, truths exemplified, un-abstracted, concrete, demanding our participation? The truths of literature possess an enduring ability to satisfy or at least allay human questioning, and they have every right to be called profound, though work and process and maker and response are all outside the possibility of full test or measurement.

A system which agrees, as the experimental method does, to exclude all emotion, gains its special and valuable kind of truth by limiting the possibilities of interruption or interference or contradiction. It gains one kind of truth at the expense of another kind. Art, by contrast, gives up any claim to verifiability, gives up limited and controlled truth, in exchange for its truth-in-context, truth by confrontation and recognition,

(*Continued on page 43*)

Our Readers Name Their Heroes

IN THE issue of February 22 the editors of *The Saturday Review* asked their readers to participate in a questionnaire on leadership in connection with the article "Name Your Heroes." We suggested forty heroes from various walks of life as a basis for discussion, but there was plenty of opportunity for our respondents to nominate heroes of their own. Reports on the answers of more than 3,500 persons have been received.

QUESTION 1: *Please name three persons from the forty listed on these pages whose character and qualities most appeal to you in order of greatness.*
Answer: Far in the lead in this category strides Abraham Lincoln, with 431 first mentions. Then come Albert Schweitzer (351), Thomas Jefferson (272), Socrates (216), Einstein (146), Shakespeare (140), St. Francis (101), Franklin D. Roosevelt (88). At the bottom of the voting, with no first mentions, come England's greatest soldier, Marlborough, and her greatest sailor, Nelson. Had the test been given in England, we would have had a very different picture.

QUESTION 2: *If there are one or more persons not included in the list of forty whom you regard highly please list them here.*
Answer: 294 respondents felt that *SR* erred in omitting Mohandas K. Gandhi. 194 wanted Benjamin Franklin, 114 Leonardo da Vinci. Other suggestions include Freud, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Martin Luther, Frank Lloyd Wright, Machiavelli, and George Washington Carver.

QUESTION 3: *Please list, in the order of their importance, the traits that make for heroism.*
Answer: Far in the lead, with 516 votes, comes Wisdom. Then Integrity (391), Courage (381), Spiritual Resources (199), Dedication (130), Ability to Inspire (122), Honesty (91), all the way down to Comradeship, which only two persons elected.

QUESTION 4: *Which great historical figures do you believe would be most capable of dealing with the present world crisis, based both on their ability to understand the nature of the problem and their ability to inspire a following for their leadership?*
Answer: The name of America's redoubtable Franklin D. Roosevelt, who in an unprecedented twelve-year administration faced the riddles of Depression, War, and Peacemaking, leads the field with 395 first mentions. Then comes America's great hero of the nineteenth century, Lincoln, with 364, Jefferson (277), Sir Winston Churchill (145), Caesar (113), Gandhi (89), Queen Elizabeth I (73), Augustus (73), Washington (52), and Theodore Roosevelt (51). It is perhaps a measure of our growing sophistication that all these leaders were—whether they started out to be or not, and whether they desired to be or not—professional politicians.

QUESTION 5: *Which one of the present world political leaders comes closest to the heroic ideal as you see it?*
Answer: England's indomitable warrior, Sir Winston Churchill, old and ill as he now is, still commands enough popular confidence to carry away this palm with 405 votes. India's Prime Minister Nehru came in second with 325. Then Adlai Stevenson (261), President Eisenhower (225), and Chancellor Adenauer (185). Many of the voters for Sir Winston added the qualification that he can no longer be called upon for active service. And many hundreds more took pains to remark that there are no figures now around of the heroic stature to cope with our difficulties.

QUESTION 6: *If you were able to go outside politics in order to select three living persons best equipped to deal with the present world crisis, what man would you nominate for the job regardless of citizenship?*
Answer: 388 of our quiz-answerers refused to reply to this question; most of them appended a note that, in their opinions, only a professional politician should be asked to deal with a political situation. Top name: again Albert Schweitzer (442), followed by Bertrand Russell, Norman Cousins, Adlai Stevenson, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, General Douglas MacArthur, Herbert Hoover, Frank Lloyd Wright.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY HORIZONS

Young Barbarians

By Granville Hicks

IN **"Entry E"** (Random House, $3.50) Richard Frede has written about undergraduates at a college that is named Hayden but could be Yale. The college in Robert Gutwillig's **"After Long Silence"** (Little, Brown, $4) is called Arden, but, though there is a little more in the way of camouflage, it has a notable resemblance to Cornell. In technique the novels are quite dissimilar, but they give the same impression of American undergraduate life in the Fifties.

"Entry E" is a tight little novel covering a period of four days, the weekend of the Princeton game. It is told scrupulously from the point of view of a single character, Ed Bogard, and it exists almost completely in its own present. That is, we know nothing about Bogard's background except that he comes from Cleveland and obviously from a well-to-do family. The one episode from his past that is given any attention is a love affair that began well and ended badly.

Having received a warning from the dean, Bogard plans to devote Saturday and Sunday to work, and he does work from time to time, but repeatedly the distractions of a weekend, especially a football weekend, prove too much for him. And on Saturday evening there is a major distraction, for a girl for whom Bogard feels that he has a vague, second-hand responsibility becomes involved in a drinking party in his entry. When Bogard realizes that six young men are quite serious in their announced intention of getting Diana-Sue drunk and having sexual relations with her, he intervenes, but, his own efforts failing, he cannot bring himself to call the campus police.

Bogard and friends get Diana-Sue out of the dormitory, sober her up, and start her towards home. (She is not the type to be filled with remorse.) But the others have talked, and there is trouble for all, including Bogard. In pronouncing sentence, which is tempered with mercy, the dean suggests that Bogard's difficulty all along the line is a lack of concern. Bogard can scarcely deny this, since he has sought to cultivate just this quality. ("You mustn't have emotions," he told himself; "nor must you commit or involve yourself emotionally.") The dean goes on to propose a theory. All generations, he says, are essentially the same, but each generation gets tagged because of the qualities of a small but "influentially divergent" group within it. "You don't seem to have a single conviction to your name," he tells Bogard. "The Indifferent Generation," he offers as a tag. And Bogard replies "That . . . or maybe The IBM Generation."

WHATEVER the merits of the dean's theory, which seems also to be Frede's, "Entry E" is a pretty convincing study of a type not easy for me to understand, the young man without commitments. It is also a disturbing portrayal of college life. What disturbs me is not the drinking as such or the preoccupation with sex as such but the absence of any kind of intellectual interest or awareness. Reading between the lines, one can see that Bogard is perfectly literate, and the dean says that earlier he had been a reasonably good student, but much of the time he seems ostentatiously unintellectual, and for the other undergraduates in the book the life of the mind seems not to exist. One wonders —not for the first time if one has ever been a teacher—whether we can afford to keep our educational system operating for the benefit of young people of this sort.

Mr. Gutwillig's novel is larger in scope and looser in structure than Mr. Frede's, and it is not so purely a novel of college life. The narrator is Tom Freeman, who is a junior at Arden in the spring of 1950, when the book begins. It starts with Tom's first glimpse of Chris Hunt, a throwback to the Lost Generation. A veteran, older than the other undergraduates, a man with a legendary past, Chris captures Tom's imagination: "What I wanted Chris to be, what I made him in my own mind was a sort of re-creation of the 1920s' American literary hero—the masculine, handsome figure who, cut off from the roots of his inheritance, wanders the world in the exile of his own sensibility, morally and emotionally deracinated."

The novel is about Chris's deep and, in the long run, destructive influence on Tom Freeman. The story carries them beyond college into a fantastic but, alas, credible incident concerning a loyalty check. Running through it is the touching, foredoomed love affair between Tom and Lila. But the memorable scenes are those that take place at college. There is even more drinking than in "Entry E," and the sex life of the characters, if less brutal than that portrayed in Frede's book, is better organized. And we have as well a kind of Greenwich Village colony, complete with a Dixieland revival and marijuana.

Somewhat surprisingly, a novel was published last year, this one frankly about Cornell, in which there was a similar bohemian fringe: "Halfway Down the Stairs," by Charles Thompson. There was even a character—the name was Hugh Masters—who was quite a lot like Chris Hunt. (If Mr. Gutwillig or Mr. Thompson becomes famous, the relationship between the two books will be a nice problem for scholars.) Quite apart from this confirmatory evidence, I have no trouble in believing that the kind of college life Gutwillig describes is possible, and he does not claim that it is representative.

GUTWILLIG has taken more chances than Frede, and his novel is less completely under control. He tries to show how his characters came to be what they are, and he spreads the book over a number of years in order to reveal the consequences of Tom's admiration for Chris. A design of this sort digs traps for the beginning novelist, and Gutwillig now and then falls in, but the novel is a good try, though a less solid achievement than Frede's book.

Meditating on what Frede and Gutwillig imply with regard to the quality of contemporary college life, I have reread F. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise." I must report that the differences between Amory Blaine's set at Princeton, 1913-1917, and Ed Bogard's set at Hayden-Yale in 1953 or Tom Freeman's set at Arden-Cornell in 1950 are not so large as one might have thought. The chief difference is that Amory and one or two of his friends have brief spurts of intense intellectual interest, but they appear to be exceptional in the Princeton of their day. The drinking of Amory's set is less systematic, but one cannot forget that the glamorous Dick Humbird dies as a result of drunken driving. There has been a major change in the mores of sexual be-

(*Continued on page* 42)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beyond the Walls of the Church

"The World Is Learning Compassion," by Frank C. Laubach *(Revell. 281 pp. $3.50), offers a heartened view of man's spiritual progress on this seething planet. The author is one of the world's great missionaries, a man whose unique methods for promoting literacy have taught more than sixty million people to read. His book is the subject of an essay-review by Father Trevor Huddleston, who wrote "Naught for Your Comfort." Formerly head of the Anglican Mission Schools in Johannesburg, South Africa, Father Huddleston is now in charge of the Novice Training Program for the Community of the Resurrection in England.*

By TREVOR HUDDLESTON, C.R.

THE theme of Frank Laubach's new book can be summed up in his own words: "In every century the spirit of Jesus keeps exploding beyond the walls of the church. Forever and forever, Jesus is bigger than His church, which professes Him but never fully understands Him nor measures up to Him." In respect to compassion, He is still "towering o'er the wrecks of time." To justify such a statement theologically would need an altogether different kind of book from that now under review. It would depend, amongst many other things, on one's understanding of what "the Church" is. To justify such a statement sociologically is what in fact the author attempts. He is concerned to show the development of the spirit of compassion as it reveals itself in the manifold growth, during the past two or three centuries, of missionary activity in the social and educational sciences. But—much more than this—he is concerned to show how, in this twentieth century, compassion is reaching its full flowering in the emergence of The Rockefeller Foundation, the UN, the many children of the UN (FAO, WHO, UNESCO), and finally the implementation of the Declaration of Human Rights.

I am most anxious that great numbers of people in America should read large sections of "The World Is Learning Compassion"—and not only in America, but in the whole of our complacent Western world. We need desperately to be reminded of the hard facts of our present situation: to be told, until we are sickened of hearing it, that (to quote President P. M. S. Blackett of the British Association for the Advancement of Science) "the greatest hypocrisy of the rich is to preach the virtue of poverty to the poor." We need to be shown that, whilst Asia has an average annual income per head of some £20, Europe enjoys a standard of living just ten times as high, and the United States spends half as much again of this total income on her defense program. Certainly the thunder of Christ's condemnations of the rich who do not care needs to be heard as thunder and not as a rather meek apology from some fashionable pulpit or church-women's service brigade. "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed" was a judgment (and a final one) not on those who held opposing ideologies, but upon him who, seeing Poverty on his own doorstep day after day, preferred to look after himself and his own brethren. The "Christian West" is not very likely to escape the same judgments if it stands serenely aloof from the poverty, the illiteracy, the hunger, the homelessness of African and Eastern people.

DR. LAUBACH'S book is full of useful information, condensed from reports or analyses which the ordinary man would never trouble to read. It is a vastly spread canvas which he attempts to cover; and it is not at all surprising that those areas of the world where American aid in one form or another has been most swiftly and generously applied should receive the fullest treatment. I would dare to wager that very few Americans and practically no Europeans, other than the specialist, really know how much *is* being achieved in literacy, in the conquest of disease and preventive medicine, and in positive labors of agriculture. Moreover the book most eloquently pleads for greater generosity on the part of the privileged nations, not only because it is right that they should be generous, but also because it is sensible.

Yet—having said this—I am bound to add that I simply *cannot* agree with Dr. Laubach's main thesis. And, for this reason, the book constantly angers and at times infuriates me. I think it is far more than doubtful whether "the world *is* learning compassion"—even the compassion which is the fairest flower of humanism. And I am morally certain that such compassion as manifests itself in the works, the organizations, the programs, and the foundations listed in this book is just *not* the direct result of the Christian gospel: that, in fact, it is not Christian compassion at all (except accidentally), but something very far removed from it.

"WE HAVE discovered," says Dr. Laubach, "that capitalism works when we have enough of the compassion of Jesus in it." Have we? At what point in history it will be possible to say that "capitalism works" I do not know. But I doubt it is now! If so, how comes it that within the incredibly short space of forty years a system which is the direct opposite of capitalism sweeps across the East and carries half the world's people with it? Because there was not enough Christian compassion in the old system? Well—it had had nineteen hundred years in which to incorporate or digest it! "The lifting of the economic conditions of the laboring people . . . has refuted Marxism. . . ." Has it? I wish that I could be certain of this.

In spite of the obvious sincerity, the burning zeal for justice, the real devotion to a cause which inspires this book, in spite, too, of the very great value of much of what is here written concerning the positive achievements of twentieth-century Western man in his search for humanity and humanitarian ideals, to a Christian I believe that this book is far more of a danger than a help. For it rests upon the hypothesis that Man—provided he has goodwill (and, somewhere behind him, plenty of cash)—can transform this Vale of Tears into another Eden.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

D-Day on War

"Foreign Policy: The Next Phase," by Thomas K. Finletter *(Harper. 208 pp. $3.50), is a scrutiny of recent trends in American relations abroad by a former Secretary of the Air Force, who suggests possible solutions. Frank Altschul, vice-president and secretary of the Council on Foreign Relations, summarizes them for us.*

By Frank Altschul

IN "FOREIGN POLICY: The Next Phase," Thomas K. Finletter has expanded and made a valiant effort to bring up to date the Elihu Root Lectures which he delivered at the Council on Foreign Relations in October and November of last year. In brief compass he has undertaken a prodigious task. A survey and critique of recent trends in American foreign policy is accompanied by a number of concrete recommendations. Questions will surely be raised regarding the practicability of some elements in the program he suggests. But his approach to the critical problems posed by the thermonuclear age is tinged throughout with a spirit of idealism.

As a former Secretary of the Air Force, Mr. Finletter gained a keen awareness of the utter insanity of war fought under modern circumstances. Because of this he is convinced that what we now require is "an attack on the institution of war itself." The basic problem, in his view, is "how to create a world in which the generation now being born will be allowed to continue to live." To set forth the broad outlines of policy which hold some promise of arriving at a solution is the task to which he has addressed himself.

The author has no illusions about the difficulties ahead. Conscious of the relationship between military power and successful diplomatic negotiation, he assigns first priority to recapturing, at the very least, air-atomic equality with the Soviet Union. He makes a vivid case for the strengthening of the Strategic Air Command, which, he argues persuasively, is today far weaker than we have been led to believe. Our primary objective must be to have in SAC a deterrent force so well protected and so widely dispersed that there can be no question of its ability to inflict totally unacceptable devastation upon an aggressor even in the event of a surprise attack.

Mr. Finletter takes fully into account other pressing requirements of our military establishment. He sympathizes, in particular, with the view so often expressed that we should develop forces trained, properly equipped, and provided with an adequate air lift in order that, should the necessity arise, we may be able effectively to carry on what is described as a limited war. He is not unmindful of budgetary considerations, but is satisfied that an informed public would support whatever measures are deemed essential for our security. Yet he makes "no excuse for repeating, not a cent of these lower-priority items must be at the expense of the first priority of all, the regaining and maintaining of the lost supremacy of our Strategic Atomic-Air."

Leaving the military, Mr. Finletter turns his attention to our urgent need of allies. "The Grand Alliance of the West is the alliance we need above all others. These are the countries of our own society where the modern ideas of freedom started and where they are still most respected." He sees two forces "working to destroy this core of freedom. One is Time. The other is our uncertainty as to how to handle our relations with the free peoples of Asia." Never since World War II have "cohesive, determined, and cordial" relations with our NATO partners been of such critical importance. Recognizing this, "we can act accordingly. We have not been doing so."

Just how to "act accordingly" is a question subjected to searching analysis. The future of NATO may well be determined by the nature of our policies toward the newly independent nations of Asia, including, of course, those of the Near East. Mr. Finletter does not minimize the difficulty of escaping from the dilemmas with which we are confronted by the anti-colonial revolution on the one hand and the Arab-Israeli conflict on the other. In respect to the former, "the problem is not how to weaken the Grand Alliance in order to please Asia. It is how to develop good policies in the Grand Alliance which will command the respect of Asia."

BUT to command the respect of other nations, Mr. Finletter contends, our conduct must be firmly based on principle. That vacillation between principle and expediency, of which he finds so much evidence in the way we dealt with the Suez crisis and with the recurrent manifestations of Arab hostility to the State of Israel, would, if continued, lead inexorably to disaster. We must behave in a manner consistent with our deepest beliefs if we are to regain the far-flung confidence we once enjoyed. If Mr. Finletter's recommendations, having this end in view, do not always seem entirely realistic, the fact remains that he has courageously grappled with problems in the field of international relations which have until now defied any clear-cut solution.

THE book ends with a plea for a more flexible and a far more comprehensive approach to the question of disarmament—that disarmament which has become "a necessity for the security of the United States." Mr. Finletter is confident that in this domain, as in others that he has touched upon, much can be accomplished if only we are once again guided by "vision and purpose." What he has to say throughout this stimulating volume is in no small measure based on his abiding faith that time has not "worn away the idealism and drive of our revolutionary days when we fought for the great principles of individual liberty and human dignity which have ever been the essence of our country and of our society."

Valuable Geography

"Defense of the Middle East," by John C. Campbell *(Harper. 392 pp. $5), reviews the record and problems of American "interference" in one of the world's most sensitive areas. John S. Badeau, president of the Near East Foundation, appraises the study.*

By John S. Badeau

"THE Middle East has no choice but to be interfered with," said a thoughtful Egyptian to this reviewer. "Geography, oil, and history have irrevocably settled that for us. Our problem—to be interfered with by whom, and for what purpose?"

In this wise, patient, and realistic study, John C. Campbell (director of political studies of the Council on Foreign Relations) reviews the record and problems of American "interference." Beginning with the Truman Doctrine in 1947, the United States has rapidly become the major foreign influence in what President Eisenhower rightly calls the "world's most valuable piece of geography." Yet the results of this important, if unsought, diplomatic adventure are daily growing more gloomy and foreboding. Mr. Campbell writes:

> We set out to build a military alliance system against the Soviet threat and provoke a counter sys-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tem among some of the nations we hoped to include. We helped support hundreds of thousands of destitute Arabs in refugee camps where they grow more and more bitter against the West. We seek peaceful settlement and compromise between the Arabs and Israel only to see passions and tensions rise day by day. We take a stand against aggression and thereby strengthen those very elements which have done the most to bring Soviet influence into the Middle East.

It is little wonder that American foreign policy toward the Middle East is a target of universal attack. Supporters of Israel demand that we "impose a solution" on the recalcitrant Arabs, to quote a leading American politician. Military strategists and world economists, with their eyes on oil wells, bases, and the influential Arab world, are equally insistent that Israel be brought to heel. Our European allies still smart under our failure to support them in applying nineteenth-century methods to solve the twentieth-century problems of Nasserism and a nationalized Suez Canal. And across all disputes lies the lengthening shadow of Russia, whose two centuries of glacial pressure on the Middle East have at least accomplished their goal of active penetration.

As an experienced diplomat (ten years with the State Department) and scholar of international affairs, Dr. Campbell clearly recognizes and persuasively states what is conveniently forgotten by those who urge that we "do something" about the Middle East:

> Since methods of domination are ruled out and the United States does not propose to use force in the Middle East except to keep the peace, it must find policies and methods which elicit the necessary degree of consent from those nations and which reconcile their national aspirations with the vital interests of the United States.

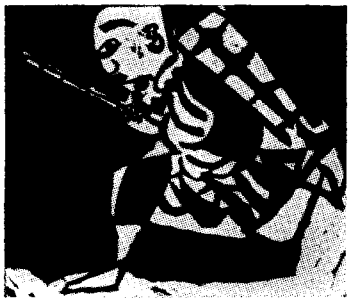
This is to say that our only instrument in dealing with the Middle East short of war is a *diplomacy of consent*. We have to do with sovereign and independent nations and only by patient negotiation (as contrasted with dramatic pronouncements and special emissaries) and by the development of a mutuality of interest can our objectives be secured.

Because the basic Western objective is to keep Russia out of the area, this inclusive study is properly entitled the "Defense of the Middle East." The strategic and military aspects of the problem are carefully and accurately presented, with the conclusion that

> . . . attempts to pursue the mirage of absolute security or full regional cooperation through defense pacts, defense arrangements, and by raising large forces promise only to produce political disadvantages which would outweigh the intended military advantages.

It is therefore in the political field that the defense of the Middle East chiefly rests. Much of this study is taken up with a detailed consideration of current problems—the Israel-Arab conflict, which "hangs like a poisonous cloud over the entire Middle East," the Arab League and its regional significance, programs of technical assistance and economic development. For each there is a judicious consideration of what a diplomacy of consent may be expected to accomplish. The proposals are not dramatic, but taken together they call for a more consistent, determined, and courageous use of American diplomatic influence than has yet taken place.

NO American who even vaguely understands what is at stake in the Middle East can afford to neglect this detailed and sober account of the situation. If he understands what he reads, it will keep him awake nights —and possibly drive him to write his Congressman in support of a more vigorous Middle East policy. For whatever our failure and perplexities in the area, "we cannot concede that continuing defense of the Middle East is beyond our capacities in the future, for our survival as a nation may depend upon it."



A wanton hunter pursued in Hades is depicted in a block print series.

Asama, deity of Mt. Fuji and the fierce Storm God, Susano-o.

Bold contrasts in black-and-white.

Although Shiko Munakata is one of Japan's foremost contemporary woodblock artists, his work is scarcely known in this country. Now a handsome little book, "**Munakata**" (Charles Tuttle, $2.50), presents almost a hundred decorative prints. Of his own work, Munakata says, "Bigness and individuality and nobility: as I worked on these prints I became conscious that these are the only things that should concern me." In his *hangas* or "board pictures," Munakata, who is a devout Zen Buddhist, combines the traditional subjects of religion and medieval drama with his own original and modern conception.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

First-Rate Fourth Estater

"The Northern Light," by A. J. Cronin *(Little, Brown. 308 pp. $4), tells about a publisher who struggles against a London syndicate for his newspaper's independence.*

By Walter Havighurst

AFTER novels about a clergyman, a physician, and an artist, Mr. Cronin has now chosen to write about a newspaperman, the proprietor of an independent Northumbrian daily, who becomes involved in a struggle with a London syndicate for the control of his journal. "The Northern Light" is hardly an examination of the newspaper profession, but it does show a high-minded editor, inheritor of a tradition of integrity, reacting to crisis in terms of his own character and convictions.

Henry Page, publisher of the *Northern Light*, has won the respect of his constituency in the town of Hedleston and the outlying villages between the gray Northumbrian moors and the restless North Sea. His family life has not been so rewarding; he has a self-indulgent wife, a shallow daughter, and a distant, scholarly son, whose marriage to a "common" girl has wounded his mother's pride. The newspaper is really all that Henry Page has, and when it is threatened he fights with all his means. His devotion to the paper was a part of his devotion to the ideals of traditional England—which, too, are threatened by the pressures of the atomic age. Even the local landmark, the lovely steeple of St. Marks, has begun to slant. Death-watch beetle is gnawing at its foundations.

Against Henry Page are pitted the resources of a London newspaper chain and the wiles of a cynical and unscrupulous editor. In the duel with an invading, sensational sheet the *Northern Light* is soon driven to the wall, and Page is reduced to publishing a mimeographed token edition. Here is the novel's most revealing action. This crisis calls out the decency in Page's readers, who rally round the traditional paper. It is an interesting irony that a defiant and despairing measure is also a salvation.

But the struggle is not over and the novel's complication has only begun. By a long coincidence the London editor finds that he can injure Page through a disclosure of a skeleton in the family closet. As the plot intensifies in threat, resistance, and blackmail, the novel diminishes into one-dimensional storytelling.

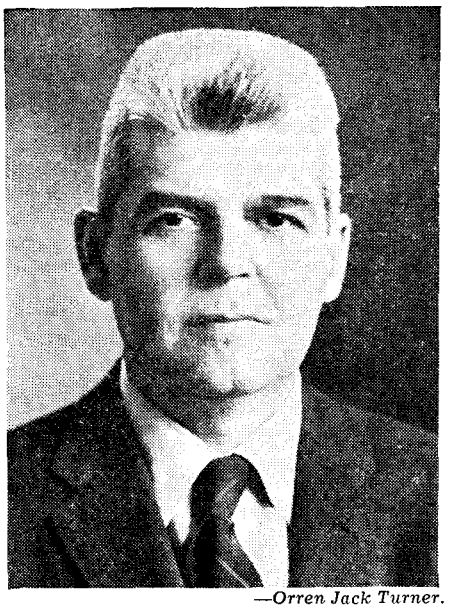
Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SHAKESPEARE OR SOLOMON?

Since Shakespeare and the King James Bible were contemporaries, it is not surprising that sometimes they sound somewhat alike. Bonnie White Baker of Fairhope, Alabama, presents a cluster of dicta some of which were written by Shakespeare and some by the Solomon of the Proverbs and the Song. She asks you to determine which wrote which. Answers on page 40.

1. The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.
2. Let my beloved come into his garden.
3. Stolen waters are sweet.
4. Death and life are in the power of the tongue.
5. A light heart liveth long.
6. A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly.
7. They stumble that run fast.
8. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
9. Jealousy is cruel as the grave.
10. The hoary head is a crown of glory.
11. A light wife doth make a heavy husband.
12. Sweet are the uses of adversity.
13. Keep a good tongue in thy head.
14. He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.



—Orren Jack Turner.

Carlos Baker—"There is no dirty work in [his] Faculty Club."

Politicking Profs

"A Friend in Power," by Carlos H. Baker *(Scribners. 312 pp. $3.95), is a novel by a Princeton professor, of college life and the happenings behind the ivy-covered walls during a search for a new university president.*

By Ben Ray Redman

FOR some years now the groves of academe have been loud with the voices of professor-novelists telling the outside world what life is like within the learned woods. Some of the revelations have been shocking to innocent readers who had previously believed that universities were staffed exclusively by dedicated scholars and teachers, indifferent to the rewards of a competitive society, seeking only the satisfactions that the pursuit of learning and the education of youth can give, and all living in happy amity one with another. It has been startling, indeed, to learn straight from the professors' mouths that academic life is more often than not a savage struggle for position and prestige, in which the kicked face of a dear friend and the knifed back of a valued colleague are routine phenomena. Sex, too, it seems, has its troublesome place within the halls of ivy, as well as without. If the professors continue to give themselves away, a new meaning will come to be attached to the familiar phrase *la trahison des clercs*. Perhaps it is high time for them to close ranks with shut mouths.

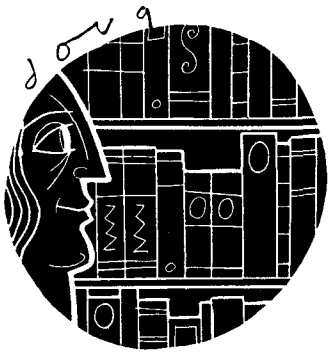
Carlos H. Baker, Woodrow Wilson

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Professor of English Literature and chairman of the Department of English at Princeton, now joins the company of professors who have written novels about professorial life. But he has not joined in the great betrayal. His principal characters are all hard-working teachers and scholars, and decent fellows. There is no dirty work in the Faculty Club. His protagonist is happily, even ideally married, and the only sex in which Dr. Baker traffics, save for a tangential undergraduate episode, is connubial.

His plot is centrally concerned with the choosing of a new president for Enfield University, an Ivy League institution; but he has refused to exploit the dramatic possibilities of this plot. There is no struggle for power, no clash of candidates. Instead, there are rather languid meetings of the board of trustees and the faculty committee that have been given nine months in which to find a successor to Enfield's great president, Homer Virgil Vaughn, who is stepping down after thirty years of leadership. Month after month the meetings are held as the search for the right man continues. Month by month the novel moves slowly, even ploddingly, towards a conclusion that the average reader will have long foreseen. Again and again the author leads us up to a scene that promises to be dramatic, and then leads us away from the scene without having written it.

If all this sounds rather dull, it must be admitted that it is. "A Friend in Power" challenges direct comparison with C. P. Snow's brilliant novel of English university life, "The Masters," in which the Fellows of a Cambridge College are faced with the necessity of electing a new master. The challenge proves disastrous to the American author. Mr. Snow's novel generates mounting interest and excitement, and gives us intellectual pleasure in the company of well-drawn characters; Dr. Baker's does none of these things. Mr. Snow knows how to realize the best potentialities of his theme and setting. Dr. Baker, dealing with almost identical material, has fumbled.



English Hillbillies

"The Darling Buds of May," by H. E. Bates *(Little, Brown. 219 pp. $3.75), a departure for the author, is a comic tale about an English family's attempts to marry off a daughter.*

By E. P. Monroe

AS IF to prove once and for all the truth of that old bromide that serious writers secretly yearn to write comedy, Englishman H. E. Bates, a normally serious novelist and short-story writer ("The Daffodil Sky," "The Sleepless Moon"), has chosen to people his latest effort, "The Darling Buds of May," with a group of characters who, initially at least, appear to have walked out of a burlesque of a Tennessee hillbilly ballad. And the results in this supposedly comic novel of English family folkways are rather more disconcerting and baffling than funny. Take, for example, the head of the family, Pop Larkin, a scrap-dealer and farmer with a gargantuan appetite who is given to such Okie-like expressions as "Perfick!" and "Hitch up a bit!" Or Ma, his common-law wife, whose stomach and thighs bulge "like a hop sack" and who "in her salmon jumper was almost two yards wide." And then, there are the Larkin children, whose names are Zinnia, Petunia, Primrose, Victoria, Montgomery (named for the General), and Mariette (a contraction of Marie Antoinette). In the true tradition of hillbilly ballad maidens, Mariette, an olive-skinned, black-haired beauty of seventeen, is thought to be pregnant. According to Ma, "it's either that Charles boy who worked at the farm or else that chap who works on the railroad line." Both these gentlemen, it turns out, are unavailable for matrimony so Mariette's future becomes something of a problem, which Pop gallantly sets out to solve. As luck would have it, a prim, young tax inspector named Charlton happens along to find out why Pop has filed no returns for the past year. "I got no time for forms," explains Pop. "Gawd Almighty, I got pigs to feed." Nonetheless young Charlton is invited to tea and from then on nature in the form of Mariette and a cocktail called a "Rolls-Royce," which is mixed by Pop, take over.

Fortunately, for the sake of literary sanity if nothing else, this is not quite the whole story. Somewhere along towards the middle of "The Darling Buds of May" there appear, for the purpose of organizing a gymkhana on Pop's "medder," two impoverished, horse-loving aristocrats. These are a brigadier who wears patched clothes and a maiden lady named Edith Pilchester, "a fortyish, slightly mustached brunette shaped like a bolster," who finds everything "ghastly." Although one is inclined to agree, Miss Pilchester is at least a recognizable English type, and this is very reassuring. It is primarily through her intervention that we learn the Larkins are not the transplanted hillbillies they seem, but Mr. Bates's version of the new rich of England. Once you have this under your belt, everything takes on a different cast. Thanks to the contrast between old and new society, the ensuing high jinks, while hardly hilarious, do at least, turn up some humor. One could even, it must be admitted, end up with a certain gross affection for the hillbilly Larkins (but is it worth it?).

As for author Bates—well, the inside jacket cover of "The Darling Buds of May" presents him as being "in a new and Rabelaisian mood." To some readers this may explain everything. To this one, however, "Brobdingnagian" would seem more like it.

En Route to Ruin

"The Royal Succession," by Marcel Druon *(translated by Humphrey Hare; Scribners. 254 pp. $3.95), set in medieval France, tells of the political intrigue that surrounded Philip V.*

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

IN "The Royal Succession" Marcel Druon gives us a fourth instalment of "The Accursed Kings," his intricate fictional chronicle of the medieval French monarchy. It is written with the same competence as the earlier three volumes, which have already given M. Druon a place among the best modern historical novelists.

But in this book the classroom lecturer, who up to now has been so conspicuous, steps down, and a writer of suspense and intrigue takes over. Whether it be in the conclave at Lyons, which elected Pope John XXII or in the royal palace at Vincennes, where widowed Queen Clemence gave birth to her posthumous son, the question is never "Why did this happen?" but, rather, "What happened next?"

This is not to say that "The Royal Succession" strays too often from factual accuracy—although I suspect

(*Continued on page* 41)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Immortality in Defeat

"Death of a Nation," by Clifford Dowdey *(Knopf. 383 pp. $5), is an account of General Lee and his soldiers at the historic battle of Gettysburg. Richard S. West, Jr., who reviews the study, wrote "Mr. Lincoln's Navy."*

By Richard S. West, Jr.

CONSIDERING how Lee's barefooted, butter-nut-clad troops cleaned out the haberdasheries and smokehouses of Chambersburg, the Gettysburg campaign may be interpreted as the Civil War's "greatest commissary raid." Militarily the campaign marked Lee's final effort to break loose from Jefferson Davis's defensive strategy. Then, as the spearhead of Lee's last great thrust into Northern territory was blunted and turned aside by "those people" at Culp's Hill and Cemetery Ridge, Lee's hopes for overwhelming victory died away, and with it went the Confederacy's last chance for survival. The meaning which Civil War author Clifford Dowdey finds in Gettysburg (and few will take issue with him) is that the three-day tragedy spelled literally "the death of a nation."

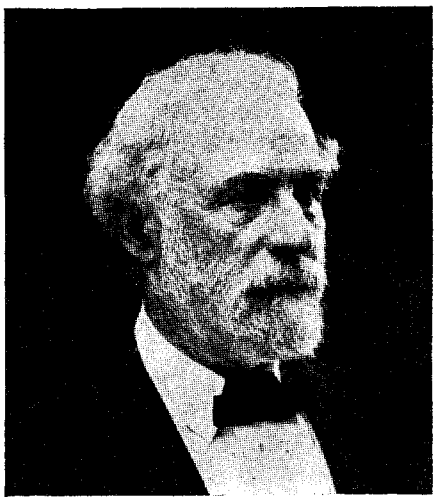
As a writer on the Civil War, Mr. Dowdey has served an apprenticeship in two earlier books ("Experiment in Rebellion" and "The Land They Fought For"). He is a resident of Richmond who has been interested in the Civil War for the past thirty years, and an ardent admirer, though by no means blindly uncritical, of Robert E. Lee, and he aligns himself with those who take a dim view of "Lee's warhorse" and acrimonious postwar critic, General James Longstreet.

In lieu of footnotes Mr. Dowdey has included a readable twenty-page note on sources which inspires confidence in his craftsmanship. "I have in my possession," he writes, "the diary of a great-uncle, who, a chemist, was transferred . . . to the field medical corps and served at Gettysburg. But he was obsessed with working out a formula of meat juice to serve as a meat substitute for the wounded and ill, and, try as I might, I could not justify the inclusion of Uncle Ira's findings in a narrative of the invasion." This willingness to sacrifice Uncle Ira has given "Death of a Nation" a firmness of texture not really inherent in its sprawling subject.

From the outset Mr. Dowdey conveys an awareness of Lee's many problems, and, as the factual and quietly paced narrative proceeds, an understanding of some of the reasons for the campaign's failure.

In the background always is the image of that fallen giant Stonewall Jackson, to whose loss at Chancellorsville a few months before the Gettysburg operation Lee had not yet adjusted. On the eve of the latter's departure Jefferson Davis had "interfered" by withholding certain tried-and-true brigades for garrison duty and replacing them with new troops. Both A. P. Hill and R. S. Ewell, commanders of the Third and Second corps, had previously done well as division leaders, but how they would perform under their present increased responsibilities was to be seen only in battle. In Mr. Dowdey's interpretation, unknown to Lee, his "warhorse" Longstreet, of the First Corps, lusted to succeed Stonewall as Lee's chief advisor, and Lee's failure to accept his advice about where to attack at Gettysburg turned Longstreet so sour as to impair his judgment as a commander.

From the start Lee was badly served by his cavalry. "Jeb" Stuart's role had been to move northward to the east of the Blue Ridge while the infantry ascended in the valley. Instead, he undertook a "gallant" dash clear around the Union Army (motivated by sheer vanity, in Mr. Dowdey's opinion), crossed the Potomac not far from Washington, and became so bogged down with the capture of a Federal wagon train that he didn't regain touch with Lee until the afternoon of July 2, when the Gettysburg battle was in its second day. Deprived of his scouting cavalry, Lee at Chambersburg had no means of knowing where Meade's army was when, on June 30, he turned eastward to concentrate his infantry, and stumbled upon the enemy at Gettysburg.



Robert E. Lee, 1870—". . . stumbled upon the enemy at Gettysburg."

The complexities of the three-day battle are artfully described, piecemeal and in slow motion from the ugly struggle at Devil's Den on the first day through Pickett's spectacular and disastrous charge on the third. In Mr. Dowdey's opinion Lee erred by granting his untried corps commanders the same wide discretion he had always given to Stonewall Jackson. Battle fatigued, as was Lee himself, they failed to measure up to what had been expected of them. "Death of a Nation" tells its tragic story with dignity and charm. It is well worth reading.

A "Put-up" Job?

"Why the Civil War?" by Otto Eisenschiml *(Bobbs-Merrill. 208 pp. $3.75), is an interpretation of the forces that started the Civil War, with Lincoln as the chief culprit. Our reviewer is Bruce Catton, author of "A Stillness at Appomattox."*

By Bruce Catton

IT APPEARS that the Civil War was a put-up job, and Abraham Lincoln was the man who did the putting. Lincoln arranged things purposely so that the misguided Confederates would fire on Fort Sumter; then, when the firing had taken place, he further manipulated things so that the people of the North would accept the bombardment as the beginning of a war. There would have been no war if Lincoln had not gone out of his way to stage it; he did it purposely, believing that the war would be short and easy and would offer a handy way out of a tough political situation.

This, if I understand everything correctly, is roughly the thesis which Mr. Otto Eisenschiml advances in "Why the Civil War?" And whether the book is presented as a serious contribution to history or is simply intended to stir up the animals and touch off a fine argument is a trifle beyond me. The interpretation is not

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exactly new. As long ago as 1937 Professor Charles W. Ramsdell of Texas advanced much the same argument, and more recently Professor E. Merton Coulter of Georgia wrote in somewhat the same vein, suggesting that the real question was whether Lincoln was a conscienceless schemer or merely uncommonly clumsy.

What is new is Mr. Eisenschiml's painstaking examination of events in Washington between the day Lincoln took office and the day the war began. Some very odd things did happen here, in all truth. It took Lincoln a long time to make up his mind about things; Secretary Seward was assiduously following a policy of his own; contradictory orders were issued; sheer inexperience with the intricacies of government led to a succession of blunders—and, all in all, the record contains a good many unanswered questions, most of which can be summed up in the blanket question: What on earth was going on here, anyway?

What was going on, obviously, was the confusion inevitable when men found themselves obliged to grapple with an extraordinarily pressing and intricate problem for whose solution neither their own personal backgrounds nor the national experience itself offered any guide lines. But to Mr. Eisenschiml all of it was planned confusion. Lincoln had an angle, as they say, all the way through, and if he made mistakes he made them on purpose. To the eye of preternatural suspicion nothing ever just happens. The thread of cunning, calculated chicanery is visible all the way through, even if tracing it involves one in such absurdities as holding up James Buchanan as the statesman whose wavering, quavering course a really wise Lincoln would have followed.

To say that this book raises more questions than it answers is to put it mildly. To say that the answers which it does offer are less than convincing is to be even milder. Perhaps the best way to sum it up is to take refuge in the hackneyed remark: This is a very controversial book.

Darwin in Dayton

***"Six Days or Forever?" by Ray Ginger** (Beacon. 248 pp. $3.95), reviews the Tennessee vs. Scopes anti-evolution case and the myriad implications of the famed "monkey-trial." Joseph Wood Krutch, our reviewer, was himself an observer at the trial.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

THE "monkey-trial" at Dayton, Tennessee, is probably the most often recalled incident of the whole gaudy Twenties—and rightly so. The present reviewer sat it through in his native Tennessee, and the present book gives what strikes him as incomparably the truest account ever written of the facts as they occurred, of the personalities involved, of the social, political, and moral forces at work, of the whole atmosphere of the event.

To do that in the very different world of today is no easy task. Anyone whose own adult experience is confined to the past twenty years will almost inevitably try to see the contrast in terms of the brutal and bloody conflicts of his own time. He will think of the "trials" in Moscow, Berlin, and Budapest. Or perhaps of Salem and witchcraft. But the Twenties did not play so brutally or for keeps. At Dayton nobody (except perhaps William Jennings Bryan) got hurt, and most did not want anyone to. What one saw there was perhaps one-tenth dangerous fanaticism and one-tenth genuine intellectual debate, but all the rest was circus, jape, and at least moderately clean fun.

Consider first the origins: A kindly, ignorant, simple-minded Congressman, having heard that young people were losing their faith over Darwin, drew up on impulse a bill prohibiting the teaching of evolution in state schools. It was passed by a legislature which thought it meaningless and didn't want to get involved in a religious argument. It was signed by a Governor who stated publicly, "Nobody believes that it is going to be an active statute." Perhaps it never would have been had not the Civil Liberties Union (with less to occupy it then than now) offered to finance a test case which most of Tennessee hoped would never be made It persuaded an obscure, not conspicuously intellectual high-school biology teacher and coach to cooperate. Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan were drawn in. Before anyone quite knew what was happening a back-woods religious argument had become a *cause célèbre* throughout the civilized world.

Consider now what happened at the trial itself: On the quiet little town converged several of the most publicized figures in American life. To H. L. Mencken—a sort of presiding genius—the trial was a soul-satisfying exhibition of the yokel antics he loved and satirized. To Darrow it was an exhilarating court battle during which he could expound his kindly village-atheist philosophy, and probably all the more agreeable because nobody's fate was seriously involved. To Bryan it looked like a good opportunity to defend before a sympathetic audience a grotesque religious position for which he knew it was becoming harder and harder to find such an audience. To the town of Dayton it was an unexpected and intoxicating spotlight.

Consider finally the results: First, a series of flamboyant orations impartially applauded by an enraptured audience. Then the expected verdict, "Guilty," which few believed meant anything. Finally, long after and almost unnoticed, a Superior Court review which declared a mistrial and entered a *nolle pros.* Except as history, legend, and myth the incident was closed. The defendant, Scopes, was given a scholarship to study biology. Bryan, the real victim, died a few days after the close of the original trial, and it seems not unlikely that his death was hastened by the realization that, paradoxically, he had lost.

Arthur Garfield Hays, of the Civil Liberties Union, complained bitterly that the court had pusillanimously made it impossible to retry the case. But such a retrial would have served no further purpose. New and more serious threats to enlightenment and civil liberties would soon arise. But, in so far as the anti-evolution trial had represented such a threat, its whole basis and conception were too anachronistic to give it much chance of achieving any significant or lasting success. If any real villains were involved they were the educational officials who, for the most part, kept their mouths shut because, after the manner of their kind, they feared for their appropriations.

Mr. Ginger will not agree wholly with my interpretation. He makes more than I should make of the sinister potentialities which seemed to be inherent in the attempt to make fundamentalism the law of the land. But I still feel that it was mostly sham battle and that the serious threats to decency came, not from rural fundamentalists, but from newer philosophies preached by abler and more sophisticated men.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Publisher: J. R. Cominsky
Associate Editors: Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin

Associate Publisher
W. D. Patterson

Feature Editor
Peter Ritner

Science Editor
John Lear

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Editorial Production
Dorothy Chadbourn

Editors-at-Large
Harrison Brown
John Mason Brown
Joseph Wood Krutch
Walter Millis
Elmo Roper
John Steinbeck

Contributing Editors
Cleveland Amory
Henry Hewes
James Thrall Soby
Horace Sutton
John T. Winterich

Contents Copyrighted, 1958, by Saturday Review, Inc.

Learning Is Total

THE time has come for a calm reappraisal of the rather agitated reappraisal of our educational system that has occupied the minds of many parents, teachers, and writers for the last half year. We have heard that a great many things are wrong with our schools. We hear that they have dissipated their substance on driver's training and cookery and that the tougher—more important—subjects have been overlooked in the shuffle of intensive training in group-adjustment.

What does the public think?

For one, it thinks that our school system needs a good shot in the arm of science and mathematics. For another, it is convinced of the crying need for more—*of everything.* Here is the rundown of subjects that need to be taught more—or less—according to a recent nationwide survey of the American public:

	High schools should concentrate on more:	High schools should concentrate on less:
Science and math...	64%	..%
Vocational and trade subjects	29	2
English composition and grammar	26	1
Foreign languages .	24	5
History and social studies	16	2
Special subjects like driver training and home economics ..	15	9
Literature courses ..	5	4
Extra-curricular activities like drama club, camera club	3	28
Athletics	2	24
None	5	33
Express no opinion..	8	14

Much of the public thinks two areas should be pared down—athletics and extra-curricular activities. Yet of the subjects proper, there is not one which a sizable group thinks we can do with less of. It is all to the good that most people are wise enough not to think of downgrading verbal skills just because they also want to upgrade the ability to handle numbers. In fact, for every person who thinks we are oversupplied with English courses there are twenty-six who think the English language needs even more respect and attention.

I am glad of this, because I believe that if our country and our civilization is to be saved, it is not the physical scientists who will ultimately be responsible. However necessary and even alluring it may be to join the trek to outer space, and however unavoidable it may be to continue pouring the rich stream of our national wealth into the changing molds of weapons gadgetry, the science that may keep men from *wanting* to use the knowledge he has about how to destroy the human race is social science.

The real pulse of our civilization is human lives, lived in freedom and dignity, by men who are conscious of their own stature and deeply respectful of the human potential that all men possess. We will be saved—if we are that lucky—by men who are able to use all that is in them—their minds, their senses, and their hearts—as fully developed, mature human beings.

When schools teach, they teach the whole person. There simply is no way of compartmentalizing people so that a thing done or taught to them reaches only a preselected part of them.

The primary function of our schools is to teach people how to think. But a submissive person who has learned nothing but to accept what is told him cannot think well. A person who has been educated by forced feeding may be able to display a wondrous amount of knowledge upon request; but it will not have nourished him. Only a free person, one who has sufficient confidence in himself to offset the constant battery of pressures from without, can truly think.

There have been changes in American education in the last decades. Some of them may have gone too far in the direction of a promiscuous "groupiness." But the changes were a revolt against an education too remote from life, whose standards of excellence were often arbitrary and unrelated to the natural curiosity and creativity of every young person. How often has every one of us seen a child's eagerness to learn everything about everything replaced somewhere along the way by a sullen reluctance to absorb anything about anything?

Let us by all means have scientists; we need them. Let's accord them the respect and the remuneration they deserve. But at the same time let's also create a new climate of respect for *all* learned men. Let's elevate the Learned Man to the same high position in which we hold baseball players, winners of quiz shows, and millionaires. Science, like literature and art and any kind of really creative enterprise, depends on a climate that permits long, unhurried thought, without regard to immediate practical consequences, a climate that is not alarmed by strange ideas and unusual behavior—in short, a climate of freedom.

American education may need a re-evaluation. But it must not be pushed backward. It needs to go forward into a new respect for learning and thinking, which comes out of man's deep natural desire to know himself and the world into which he has been born.

—Elmo Roper.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN OBLIGATION TO TOMORROW

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A little more than a year ago* The Saturday Review *published the full text of Dr. Albert Schweitzer's "Declaration of Conscience," a plea to the world's peoples to inform themselves about the runaway nuclear-arms race. In particular, Dr. Schweitzer called attention to the hazards involved in nuclear explosions.*

Last fall, when the editor of The Saturday Review *saw Dr. Schweitzer at his home in the Alsace, the philosopher-theologian-physician expressed grave concern about the possibility of a breakdown in the London talks then being held by the major powers on the subject of arms control. Dr. Schweitzer doubted that the nations would accept any such controls in the absence of a genuine demand by world public opinion. His apprehensions turned out to be correct.*

After Dr. Schweitzer returned to Lambarene last year, he continued his correspondence on the human crisis with leading scientists, historians, and thinkers in various parts of the world. This exchange of ideas and information fortified him in his view of the danger. Several months ago, he began to write an enlarged appeal, going beyond the question of nuclear experimentation into the general problem of world peace. He worked under difficult conditions, often late at night after the sounds had quieted down at his jungle hospital. His right hand had been injured as the result of a fall, and the splints on one of his fingers impeded his writing.

The new appeal, when completed, was divided into three parts, each dealing in a detailed way with separate aspects of the world problem. Like the Declaration of 1957, it was sent to the Nobel Institute in Oslo, Norway, for world-wide distribution.

Once again, The Saturday Review *feels privileged to present the full text of Dr. Schweitzer's message. Dr. Schweitzer has given the editors permission to translate and edit the text from the German. The editors wish to emphasize, therefore, that any flaws in language or structure are chargeable to them.*

By ALBERT SCHWEITZER

IN APRIL of last year I raised my voice, together with others, to draw attention to the great danger of radioactive poisoning of the air and the earth, following tests with atomic bombs and hydrogen bombs. With others, I appealed to the nuclear powers to come to a workable agreement to stop the tests as soon as possible, at the same time declaring their genuine desire to renounce the use of nuclear weapons.

At that time there appeared to be reasonable hope that this step would be taken. It was not. The negotiations in London last summer achieved nothing. The conference arranged by the United Nations in the autumn of last year suffered the same fate when the Soviet Union withdrew from the discussions.

The question of nuclear arms control, however, cannot be put aside. Any discussions among the major nations will have to consider this problem.

As a first step in any comprehensive plan for workable arms control, the proposal for a cessation of nuclear tests has frequently been advanced.

One might have thought that it would be comparatively simple for all those involved to agree on this first step. No nuclear power would have to sacrifice any of the atomic weapons in its possession. The disadvantage of not being able to try out new bombs or nuclear devices would be the same for all.

The United States and Great Britain have been reluctant to take the first step. They spoke against it when the matter was discussed in Spring 1957. Since then many statements have been issued claiming that the radioactivity resulting from nuclear tests is not dangerous. For example, in an official statement coming from the United States, we read the following: "The necessary steps should be taken to correct the present confusion of the general public [with respect to the effects of testing]. . . . The present and potential effects on heredity from the gradual increase of radioactivity in the air are kept within tolerable limits. . . . The possibility of harmful effects which people believe to be outside control has a strong emotional impact. . . . The continuation of nuclear tests is necessary and justified in the interests of national security."

Despite these assurances, however, people are becoming increasingly apprehensive concerning the possible dangers resulting from nuclear tests.

The reasoning behind the somewhat obscure statement that "the effects on heredity from the gradual increase of radioactivity in the air are kept within tolerable limits" is that the number of deformed children that will be born as a result of the harm done to the sexual cells supposedly will not be large enough to justify the stopping of the tests.

During this campaign of reassurance, a prominent American nuclear physicist even declared that the luminous watchdials in the world represent a greater danger than the radioactive fall-out of nuclear tests until now.

This campaign of reassurance sets up anticipations of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"... who has the right to 'permit' people to be exposed to dangers? ..."

glad tidings to the effect that science has succeeded in making the prototype of a hydrogen bomb with a considerably reduced dangerous radioactive fall-out. The new explosive is called a "clean" hydrogen bomb. The old type is being designated as the "dirty" bomb.

The so-called "clean" hydrogen bomb differs from the other in having a jacket made of a material which does not release immense quantities of radioactive elements at the enormous explosion temperature. That is why it is less harmful, as regards radioactivity, than the usual ones.

However, the new, highly-praised hydrogen bomb is—let it be said in passing—only relatively clean. Its trigger is an uranium bomb made of the fissionable uranium-235—an atomic bomb as powerful as the one dropped over Hiroshima. This bomb, when detonated, also produces radioactivity, as do the neutrons released in great numbers at the explosion.

Earlier this year, in an American newspaper, Edward Teller, the father of the "dirty" hydrogen bomb, sings a hymn of praise to the idylic nuclear war to be waged with completely clean hydrogen bombs. He insists on a continuation of the tests in order to perfect this ideal bomb.

Here are two stanzas from Edward Teller's hymn to idylic nuclear warfare:

"Further tests will put us into a position to fight our opponents' war machine, while sparing the innocent bystanders."

"Clean weapons of this kind will reduce unnecessary casualties in a future war."

The idea of limited nuclear war is a contradiction in terms. Each side will use all the power at its disposal in an attempt to annihilate the enemy. The U.S. Department of Defense has quite recently declared that the irradiation of whole areas has become a new offensive weapon.

THE "clean" hydrogen bomb may be intended, I fear, more for display-case purposes than for use. The intention seems to be to convince people that new nuclear tests will be followed by less and less radiation and that there is no real argument for the discontinuation of the tests.

Those who think that the danger created by nuclear tests is small mainly take the air radiation into consideration, and persuade themselves to believe that the danger limit has not yet been reached.

The results of their arithmetic are not so reliable, however, as they would have us believe. Through the years the toleration limit for radiation has had to be lowered several times. In 1934 it was 100 radiation units per year. At present the limit is officially put at 5. In many countries it is even lower. Dr. Lauriston Taylor (USA), who is regarded as an authority on protection against radiation, holds—like others—that it is an open question whether there is anything called a harmless amount of radiation. He thinks that we can only speak of an amount of radiation which we regard as tolerable.

We are constantly being told about a "maximum permissible amount" of radiation. What does "permissible" mean? And who has the right to "permit" people to be exposed to these dangers?

When speaking about the risk of radiation we must take into consideration not only the radiation coming from the outside, but also the radioactivity that gets into our bodies.

What is the source of this radioactivity?

The radioactive materials put into the air by nuclear tests do not stay there permanently. In the form of radioactive rain—or even radioactive snow—they fall to the earth. They enter the plants through leaves and roots and stay there. We absorb them by drinking milk from cows or by eating the meat of animals which have fed on it. Radioactive rain contaminates our drinking water.

The most powerful radioactive poisoning occurs in the areas between the Northern latitudes 10° and 60°, because of the numerous nuclear tests conducted mainly in these latitudes by the Soviet Union and the United States.

The radioactive elements absorbed over the years by our body are not evenly distributed in the cellular tissue, but are deposited and accumulated at certain points. From these points internal radiation takes place, causing injuries to particularly vulnerable organs. What this kind of radiation lacks in strength is made up for by its longevity, working as it does for years, day and night.

IT IS a well-known fact that one of the most widespread and dangerous elements absorbed by us is strontium-90. It is stored in the bones and emits from there its rays into cells of red bone marrow, where the red and white corpuscles are made. If the radiation is too great, blood diseases—fatal in most cases—are the result.

The cells of the reproductive organs are particularly sensitive. Even relatively weak radiation may lead to fatal consequences.

The most sinister aspect of internal as well as external radiation is that years may pass before the evil consequences appear. Indeed, they make themselves felt, not in the first or second generation, but in the following ones. Generation after generation, for centuries to come, will witness the birth of an ever-increasing number of children with mental and physical defects.

It is not for the physicist, choosing to take into account only the radiation from the air, to utter the final word on the dangers of nuclear tests. That right belongs to the biologists and physicians who have studied internal as well as external radiation, and to those scientists who pay attention to the facts established by the biologists and physicians.

The declaration signed by 9,235 scientists of all nations, handed to the Secretary General of the U.N. by Dr. Linus Pauling on January 13, 1958, gave the campaign of reassurance a serious blow. The scientists declared that the radioactivity gradually created by nuclear tests represents a grave danger for all parts of the world, particularly serious because its consequences will be an increasing number of deformed children in the future. For this reason they insist on an international agreement putting an end to the nuclear tests.

The declaration signed by the 9,235 scientists did well in stressing the danger of the harmful effects of nuclear tests on future generations which, according to biologists and physicians, will be the result of the radiation to which we are being exposed.

We must not disregard our responsibility to guard

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It will be no excuse for us later to say we were unaware"

—*Erica Anderson.*

against the possibility that thousands of children may be born with the most serious mental and physical defects. It will be no excuse for us to say later that we were unaware of that possibility. Only those who have never been present at the birth of a deformed baby, never witnessed the whimpering cries of its mother, should dare to maintain that the risk of nuclear testing is a small one. The well-known French biologist and geneticist Jean Rostand calls the continuation of nuclear tests "a crime into the future" (*le crime dans l'avenir*). It is the particular duty of women to prevent this sin against the future. It is for them to raise their voices against it in such a way that they will be heard.

No longer can we take any comfort from the fact that the scientists do not agree on the question of the danger of radiation, or that we must await the decision of international bodies before making positive statements about radiation. Despite all the claims of safety, the truth about the danger of nuclear explosions marches imperturbably along, influencing an ever-increasing section of public opinion. In the long run, even the most well-organized propaganda can do nothing against the truth.

It is a strange fact that few people have taken into consideration that the question of nuclear testing is not one which concerns the nuclear powers exclusively, a question for them to decide at their pleasure. Who has given these countries the right to experiment, in times of peace, with weapons involving the most serious risks for the whole world? What has international law—enthroned by the United Nations and so highly praised in our time—to say on this matter? Does it no longer look out on the world from its temple? Then take it out, so that it may face the facts and do its duty accordingly.

International law should consider at once the compelling case of Japan. That country has suffered heavily from the effects of nuclear tests. The radioactive clouds created by the Soviet tests in Northeast Siberia and by the American tests in the Pacific Ocean are carried by the winds over Japan. The resultant radioactive poisoning is considerable. Powerful radioactive rainfalls are quite common. The radioactive poisoning of the soil and the vegetation is so heavy that the inhabitants of some districts ought to abstain from using their harvest for food. People are eating rice contaminated by radioactive strontium, a substance particularly dangerous for children. The ocean surrounding Japan is also at times dangerously radioactive, and thereby the very food supply of the country—in which fish has always played an important part—is being threatened.

As every new nuclear test makes a bad situation worse, the Japanese ministers, when hearing of plans for new tests to the north or south of Japan, have presented their country's urgent appeal in Washington or Moscow, beseeching the American or Soviet authorities to give up their plans.

We generally learn about these appeals and the refusals through short newspaper items. Unfortunately, there have been few responsible editorials drawing our attention to the stories behind the news—the misery of human beings who are now in jeopardy. In that way, we and the press are guilty of a lack of compassion. Even guiltier, however, is international law, which has kept silent and indifferent on this question, year after year.

It is high time to recognize that the question of nuclear testing is a matter for world law to consider. Mankind is imperiled by the test. Mankind insists that they stop, and has every right to do so.

If anything is left of international law in our civilization, then the nations responsible for nuclear tests must renounce them immediately, without making this dependent on agreements with respect to the larger questions of general disarmament. Nuclear tests have nothing to do with disarmament. The nations in question will continue to have those weapons which they now have.

There is no time to lose. New tests must not be allowed to increase the already existing danger. It is important to realize that even without new tests the danger will increase during the coming years: a large part of the radioactive elements flung up in the atmosphere and stratosphere at the nuclear experiment is still there. It will come down only after several years—probably about fifteen.

The immediate renunciation of further tests will create a favorable atmosphere for talk on controlling the stockpiles of nuclear weapons and banning their use. When this urgently necessary step has been taken, such negotiations can take place in peace.

That the Soviet Union has announced its willingness to stop its tests is of great importance. The world now looks to the United States and Great Britain for the kind of moral initiative and action that go along with great leadership.

PART II

Today we are faced with the menacing possibility of an outbreak of an atomic war between Soviet Russia and the United States. It can only be averted if the two powers decide to renounce atomic arms.

How did this situation arise?

In 1945 America succeeded in producing an atomic

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bomb with uranium-235. On August 6, 1945, this bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. Another atomic bomb was dropped on Nagasaki on August 9.

When America came into the possession of such a bomb it held a military advantage over other countries.

In July 1949 the Soviet Union also test-exploded its first nuclear bomb. Its power was approximately equal to the American bomb then existing.

On October 3, 1952, England exploded its first atomic bomb on the Isle of Montebello (situated on the north-west coast of Australia).

In the quest for nuclear supremacy, both the Soviet Union and the United States moved towards the development of a nuclear weapon many times more powerful—the hydrogen bomb. A series of tests was undertaken by the United States in the Marshall Islands beginning in May 1951, and culminating in a successfully exploded hydrogen bomb in March 1954.

The actual power of the explosion was far stronger than had been originally calculated.

AT APPROXIMATELY the same time, the Soviet Union also started its experimentations, exploding its first hydrogen bomb on August 12, 1953.

Today, guided missiles can be launched from their starting points and directed with accuracy at distant targets. The larger explosives are carried by missiles containing the fuel necessary for their propulsion. The gases from this fuel rush with tremendous velocity through a narrow opening. Science is in the process of discovering a fuel which is similar and more efficacious to deal with.

It is said that the Soviet Union already has available rockets with a range up to 600 miles. Soon to come are rockets with a range up to 1,080 miles—if they are not already in use.

It is said that America is attempting to develop rockets with a range of 1,440 miles.

Whether the intercontinental ballistic missile, with its range of 4,800 miles, already exists cannot be ascertained. The Soviet Union has claimed it already has such a missile.

Even without respect to intercontinental ballistic missiles, submarines could launch nuclear attacks on the United States.

The long-range rockets attain unbelievable speed. It is expected that an intercontinental rocket would not take more than twenty minutes to cross the ocean with a payload of nuclear explosive weighing from one to five tons.

How could an atomic war break out today? Not long ago there was talk of local or limited wars that could be contained. But today there is little difference between a local war or a global war. Rocket missiles will be used up to a range of 1,440 miles. The destruction should not be underestimated, even if caused only by a Hiroshima-type bomb.

It can hardly be expected that an enemy will refrain from using atomic bombs or the most devastating hydrogen bombs on large cities at the very outset of a war. One hydrogen bomb now exists that is a thousand times more powerful than the atomic bomb. It will have a destructive radius of many miles. The heat will be 100 million degrees. One can imagine how large would be the number of city-dwellers who would be destroyed by the pressure of the explosion, by flying fragments of glass, by heat and fire and by radioactive waves, even if the attack is only of short duration. The deadly radioactive contamination, as a consequence of the explosion, would have a range of some 45,000 square miles.

An American general has said to some Congressmen: "If at an interval of ten minutes 110 hydrogen bombs are dropped over the USA there would be a casualty list of about 70 million people; besides, some thousands of square miles would be made useless for a whole generation. Countries like England, West Germany, and France could be finished off with fifteen to twenty hydrogen bombs."

President Eisenhower has pointed out, after watching maneuvers under atomic attack, that defense measures in a future atomic war become useless. In these circumstances all one can do is to pray.

Indeed, not much more can be done in view of an attack by hydrogen bombs than to advise all people living to hide beneath a very strong wall made of stone or cement, and to throw themselves on the ground and to cover the back of their heads, and the body if possible, with cloth. In this way it may be possible to escape annihilation and death through radiation. It is very important that the immediate survivors are given non-radioactive food and drink, and that they be removed immediately from the radioactive district.

It is impossible, however, to erect walls and concrete ceilings of adequate thickness to cover an entire city. Where would the material and the means come from? How would a population find time even to run to safety in such bunkers?

In an atomic war there would be neither conqueror nor vanquished. During such a bombardment both sides would suffer the same fate. A continuous destruction would take place and no armistice or peace proposals could bring it to an end.

When people deal with atomic weapons, it is not a matter of superior arms which will decide the issue between them, but only: "Now we want to commit suicide together, destroying each other mutually . . ."

There is a reason for an English M.P. saying: "He who uses atomic weapons becomes subject to the fate of a bee, namely, when it stings it will perish."

Radioactive clouds resulting from a war between East and West would imperil humanity everywhere. There would be no need to use up the remaining stock of atomic and hydrogen bombs now running literally into the thousands.

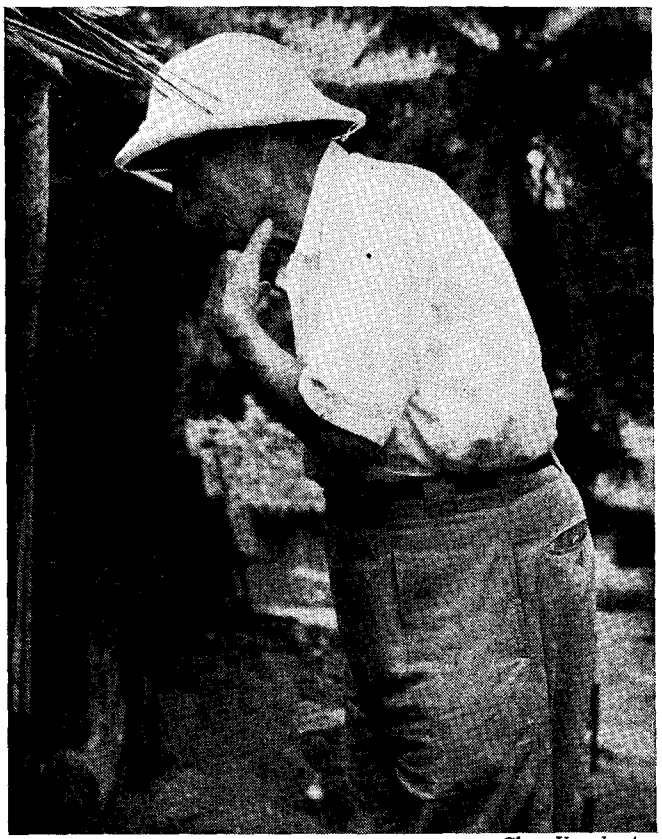
A nuclear war is therefore the most senseless and lunatic act which could ever take place. This must be prevented.

When America had its atomic monopoly, it was not necessary to equip its allies with nuclear weapons. Owing to the end of the monopoly, however, this situation is changing. A whole family of nuclear weapons now exists that can be fitted into the military capability of smaller nations.

As a result, the United States is considering a de-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Are we so certain that a mechanical decision is superior?"



—Clara Urquhart.

parture from its stated principle not to put atomic weapons into the hands of other countries. If it does so, this could have the gravest consequences. On the other hand, it is comprehensible that the United States wishes to supply the NATO countries with such new weapons for defence against the Soviet Union. The existence of such arms constitutes a new cause of war between the Soviet Union and the U.S., one that did not exist before. Thus, the ground is laid open for a nuclear conflict on European soil. The Soviet Union can be reached with long-range rockets from European soil, as far as Moscow and Kharkov, up to 2,400 miles away. Similarly, London, Paris, and Rome are within easy reach of Soviet rocketry.

Rockets of an average range may be used for defense purposes by Turkey and Iran against the Soviet Union. They could penetrate deeply into its country with arms accepted from America.

The Soviet Union is countering those measures. Both America and the Soviet Union may now seek alliances with the Middle East by offering those countries various kinds of financial support. Therefore, events in the Middle East could endanger the peace of the world.

The danger of an atomic war is being increased by the fact that no warning would be given in starting such a war. Indeed, it could erupt merely on the basis of some incident. Thus, the time factor enters—the side that attacks first would have the initial advantage over the attacked. At the very start, the attacked would find himself sustaining losses which would reduce his fighting capacity considerably.

As a result, one has to be on the alert all the time. This factor constitutes an extreme danger in the event of a sudden outbreak of an atomic war. When one has to act with such speed, he has to reckon with the possibility that an error may occur on what is registered on the radar screen, and that this could result in the outbreak of an atomic war.

Attention was drawn to this danger by the American General Curtis LeMay. Quite recently the world found itself in such a situation. The radar station of the American Air Force and American Coastal Command indicated that an invasion of unidentified bombers was on the way. Upon this warning, the general who was in command of the strategic bomber force ordered that reprisal bombardment should be made. However, realizing that he was taking a great responsibility, he hesitated. Shortly afterwards, it was pointed out that the radar stations had committed a technical error. What could have happened if a less balanced general had been in his place!

In the future such dangers are likely to increase. Owing to the fact that small rockets exist which pass through the air with terrific speed and are over the target within a few minutes—defense possibilities become very limited. Only seconds remain to identify the markings on the radar screen, so that the counter-attack can spring into being. The theoretical defense consists in sending out missiles to explode the attacking missiles of the enemy before they complete their job, and also in releasing bombers with a view to destroying the ramps from which they are launched.

Such split-second operations cannot be left to the human brain. It works too slowly. The job has therefore been entrusted to an electronic brain.

Such are the heights of our civilization that a cold electronic brain rather than the moral conscience of man may decide human destiny. Are we so certain that an arithmetrical or mechanical decision is really superior? The mechanism of the electronic brain may become faulty. It is dependent on the absolute reliability of its complicated functions. Everything has to click to the minutest detail.

UNDER the circumstances, the greater the number of countries, large or small, that become part of the nuclear arms terror the greater the terror. Naturally, America must assume that the weapons it entrusts to other nations will not be used irresponsibly. But accidents can happen. *Who* can guarantee that there may not be a "blacksheep" acting on his own, without troubling about the consequences? Who is *able* to keep *all* countries under a situation of rational control? The dam is punctured and it may break down.

That such worries have become very real is shown by the reasoning of the 9,235 scientists on January 13, who petitioned the United Nations regarding the cessation of atomic tests. The statement says: "As long as atomic weapons remain in the hands of the three great powers, agreement on control is possible. However, if the tests continue and extend to other countries in possession of atomic weapons, the risks and responsibilities in regard to an outbreak of an atomic war becomes all the greater. From every point of view the danger in a future atomic war becomes all the more intense, so that an urgent re-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It would be fitting if those who have the responsibility confer"

nunciation of atomic weapons becomes absolutely imperative."

America has wisely declared that its objective is to outlaw nuclear weapons. Yet, at the same time, America seems to be moving away from the measures necessary to achieve it. America insists that the missiles it offers to other countries be accepted as quickly as possible. It wishes to hold such a position as to be able to maintain peace by nuclear deterrent. It happens, however, that most of the NATO countries are not in any hurry to acquire such weapons. An increasingly strengthening public opinion is the cause of this.

PUBLIC opinion in Europe has been convinced during recent months that under no circumstances should Europe be allowed to become a battlefield for an atomic war between the Soviet Union and America. From this position it will not deviate. The time is past when a European power could plan secretly to establish itself as a big power by manufacturing atomic weapons exclusively for its own use. In view of the fact that no public opinion would agree to such an undertaking, it becomes senseless even to prepare secretly for achieving such a plan.

Gone, too, is the time when NATO generals and European governments can decide on the establishments of launching sites and stockpiling of atomic weapons. In view of the fact that the dangers of atomic war and its consequences cannot be avoided, political procedure as employed hitherto can no longer be considered.

Only agreements that are sanctioned by public opinion are now valid.

PART III

What about the negotiations that could lead to the renunciation of nuclear weapons?

One reads and hears that the success of the projected Summit Conference must depend entirely on its every detail being diplomatically prepared beforehand. The best diplomacy is objectivity. One good way of preparing for a conference (if a respectful and well-meaning criticism is permissible) would be for the statesmen and other representatives to make a change from their present undiplomatic way of dealing with each other and to become diplomatic. Many unnecessary, thoughtless, discourteous, foolish, and offensive remarks have been made by both sides, and this has not been advantageous to the political atmosphere.

It would be fitting if those who have the authority to take the responsibility, and not those who have only nominal authority and who cannot move an inch from their instructions, would confer together.

It would be fitting to go ahead with the conference. For more than five months East and West have talked and written to one another, without any conclusions as to the date and the work program being reached. Public opinion everywhere is finding it difficult to accept this state of affairs and is beginning to ask itself whether a conference which comes into being so limpingly has any hope of really achieving anything.

It would be fitting to hold the conference in a town

—*Erica Anderson.*

in some neutral European country, for example, Geneva, as was the case in 1955.

It would be fitting that at this conference only questions that have to do directly with the control and renunciation of nuclear weapons should be discussed.

It would be fitting if not too many people were present at the summit meeting. Only the highest personalities of the three nuclear powers together with their experts and advisers should take their seats there.

Attendance could also be opened on a consultative basis to the representatives of those peoples who—like the NATO countries with America—have connections in nuclear matters; they could then state their opinions on the decisions that hold such grave consequences also for them.

Apart from this, experience teaches us that unnecessarily large attendance brings no advantage to a conference.

THE Summit Conference, therefore, is in no way an international or half international one, even though its decisions are of great importance to the whole of mankind.

The three nuclear powers and they alone must decide, in awareness of their responsibility to their peoples and to all mankind, whether or not they will renounce the testing and the use of nuclear weapons.

In regard to the planning of the conference, impartiality may justify one remark, which is that to date such planning has not been done objectively, and has therefore led nowhere. This leads to the thought that the outcome of a Summit Conference is bound to reflect what went into it.

What is the difference between the partial and the impartial; the fitting and the unfitting in this matter? It lies in the answer to the question on what basis the three nuclear powers decide whether or not to renounce the testing and the use of nuclear weapons.

The unobjective reply would be that the decision will

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

depend on whether an agreement is first reached on comprehensive disarmament or not.

This is a false logic; it presumes that there could be an agreement acceptable to both the East and the West on this issue. But previous negotiations have shown that this is not to be expected; they became stalled right at the start because East and West have been unable to reach agreement even on the conditions under which such discussions should take place.

The anticipated procedure itself is by its very nature not impartial. It is based on false logic. The two vital issues so essential to the very existence of mankind—the cessation of tests and the disposal of nuclear weapons—cannot be made dependent on the Heavens performing the impossible political miracle that alone could insure that none of the three nuclear powers would have any objections to a complete agreement on disarmament.

The fact is that the testing and use of nuclear weapons carry in themselves the absolute reasons for their being renounced. Prior agreement on any other conditions cannot be considered.

Both cause the deepest damage to human rights. The tests do harm to peoples far from the territories of the nuclear powers—endangering their lives and their health—and this in peace time. An atomic war, with its resultant radioactivity, would make the land of peoples not participating in such a war, unlivable. It would be the most unimaginably senseless and cruel way of endangering the existence of mankind. That is why it must not be allowed to happen.

The three nuclear powers owe it to themselves and to mankind to reach agreement on these absolute essentials without first dealing with prior conditions.

The negotiations about disarmament are therefore not the forerunner of such agreement but the outcome of it. They start from the point where agreement on the nuclear issues has been reached, and their goal is to reach the point where the three nuclear powers and the peoples who are connected with them must agree on guarantees that will seek to avert the danger of a threat of a non-atomic nature taking the place of the previous danger. Everything that the diplomats will have done objectively to prepare the preliminaries to the conference will keep its meaning even if it will be used not before renunciation, but as the result of it.

Should agreement be reached on the outlawing of nuclear weapons, this by itself will lead to a great improvement in the political situation. As a result of such an agreement, time and distance would again become realities with their own right.

Nuclear weapons, used in conjunction with missiles, change a distant war to a war fought at close range. The Soviet Union and the United States have become next-door neighbors in the modern world but live in constant fear of their lives every minute.

But if nuclear arms should be abolished, the proximity factor would be made less explosive.

Today America has her batteries of nuclear missiles readily available in Europe. Europe has become a connecting land strip between America and Russia, as if the Atlantic had disappeared and the continents had been joined.

But if atomic missiles are outlawed on the basis of effective and enforceable control, this unnatural state of affairs would come to an end. America would again become wholly America; Europe wholly Europe; the Atlantic again wholly the Atlantic Ocean.

THE great sacrifices that America brought to Europe during the Second World War and in the years following it will not be forgotten. The many-sided and great help that Europe received from her and the thanks owing for this will not be forgotten.

But the unnatural situation created by the two world wars, that led to a dominating military presence in Europe, cannot continue indefinitely. It must gradually cease to exist—both for the sake of Europe and for the sake of America.

Now there will be shocked voices from all sides: What will become of poor Europe if American atomic weapons no longer defend it from within and from without? Will Europe be delivered to the Soviet? Must it be prepared to languish in a Communist-Babylonian imprisonment for long years?

What Europe and the Europeans have to agree about is that they belong together for better or for worse. This is a new historical fact that can no longer be by-passed politically.

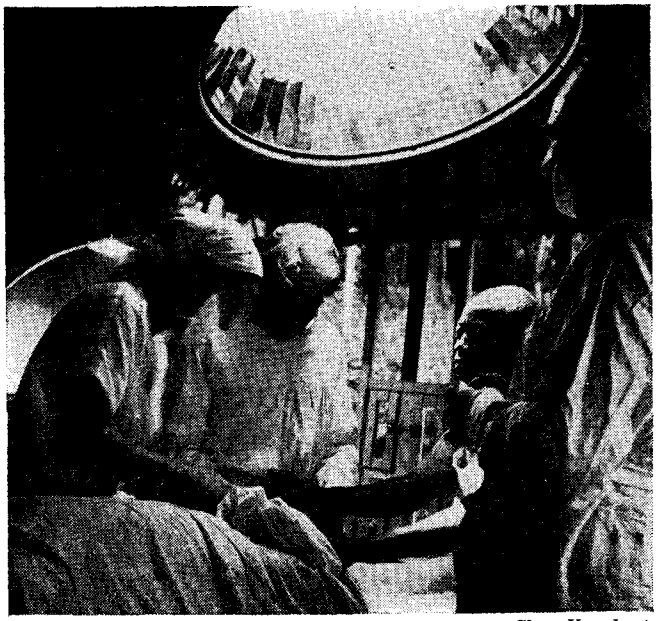
Another factor that must be recognized politically is that it is no longer a question of subjugating peoples, but learning to get along with them intellectually, culturally, spiritually.

A Europe standing on its own has no reason to despair.

Disarmament discussions between the three nuclear powers must seek the guarantees that can bring about actual, total and durable disposal of nuclear weapons. The question of control and safeguards is a vital one. Reciprocal agreement will have to be reached about allowing international commissions to inspect and investigate on national soil.

One talks of giving aircraft belonging to a world police the right to fly at medium and high altitudes for purposes of aerial inspection.

One asks to what extent a state would be willing to



—Clara Urquhart.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subject itself to such control? It may be said that unfortunate incidents could easily occur as a result. And what about the power that should be entrusted to such a world control? Even the widest form of such control could never insure that everywhere and all the time war could be avoided. But it represents a reasonable basis on which, given time and some relaxation of tension, a workable world system of security might be built.

The same applies also in another matter. As a result of renouncing nuclear arms, the Soviet Union's military might insofar as Europe is concerned would be less affected than that of America. There would remain to the Soviet the many armed divisions with conventional weapons; with those divisions it could easily over-run the NATO states in western Europe—particularly Western Germany—without it being possible for anyone to come to their aid. With this in mind, the Soviet Union should agree in the course of disarmament negotiations to reduce her army, and to commit herself not to undertake steps against Germany. But here, too, no manner of detailed agreements and internationally guaranteed disarmament agreements would be enough. Therefore, we must strive continually to improve the situation, building brick by brick.

We live at a time when the good faith of peoples is doubted more than ever before. Expressions putting into doubt the trustworthiness of the next nation are bandied back and forth. They are based on what happened in the two world wars when the nations experienced dishonesty, injustice, and inhumanity from one another. How can a new trust come about?

We cannot continue in a situation of paralyzing mistrust. If we want to work our way out of the desperate situation in which we find ourselves another spirit must enter into the people. It can only come if the awareness of its necessity suffices to give us strength to believe in its coming. We must presuppose the awareness of this need in all the peoples who have suffered along with us. We must approach them in the spirit that we are human beings, all of us, and that we feel ourselves fitted to feel with each other; to think and to will together in the same way.

The awareness that we are all human beings together has become lost in war and politics. We have reached the point of regarding each other as only members of a people who is allied with us or against us, and our attitudes, prejudices, sympathies, or antipathies are all conditioned by that fact. Now we must rediscover the fact that we—all together—are human beings, and that we must strive to concede to each other what moral capacity we have.

That way we can begin to believe that also in other peoples there will arise the need for a new spirit, and that can be the beginning of a feeling of mutual trustworthiness towards each other. The spirit is a mighty force for transforming things. Let us have hope that the spirit can bring people and lands back to an awareness of enlightenment.

At this stage we have the choice of two risks. The one consists in continuing the mad atomic arms race with its danger of unavoidable atomic war in the near future. The other is in the renunciation of nuclear weapons, and the hope that America and the Soviet Union, and the peoples associated with them, will manage to live in peace. The first holds no hope of a prosperous future; the second does. We must risk the second.

In President Eisenhower's speech of November 7, 1957, we find the following: "What the world needs more than a gigantic leap into space is a gigantic leap into peace."

This gigantic leap consists in finding the courage to hope that the spirit of good sense will arise in all peoples and in all lands, a spirit sufficiently strong to overcome the insanity and the inhumanity.

Once agreement on renunciation of nuclear arms has been reached it would be the responsibility of the United Nations to undertake to see that now, as in the future, they would neither be made nor used. The danger that one or another people might attempt to manufacture nuclear weapons will have to be kept in mind for a long time.

The future holds many difficult problems. The most difficult of these will be the rights of access of overpopulated countries to neighboring lands.

But if in our time we renounce nuclear arms we will have taken the first step on the way to the distant goal of the end to war itself. If we do not do this we remain on the road that leads to atomic war and misery in the near future.

Those who are to meet at the Summit must be aware of this, so that they can negotiate with propriety, with the right degree of seriousness, and with a full sense of responsibility.

The Summit Conference must not fail. The will of mankind will not permit it.

REPRINTS: *Reprints of Dr. Albert Schweitzer's "An Obligation to Tomorrow" have been made available at the following rates:*

No. of Copies	Price
1-9	25¢ each
10-49	20¢ each
50-99	15¢ each
100-499	10¢ each
500-999	8¢ each
1,000 or more	5¢ each

Please address requests to Reprint Department, The Saturday Review, *25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

UNKNOWN CLIBURN

CAN IRVING KOLODIN ("Van Cliburn and the Moscow Prize," *SR* May 3) disprove the Shostakovitch contention that Cliburn did indeed gain his first *wide* recognition in Moscow? The fact is that Cliburn was almost completely ignored in this country until his Moscow success.

ALFRED H. GREENBERG.

New York, N. Y.

EVER REMOTER

A GREAT ARTIST, a great piece of music, is an irresistible force in all cultures. If suspicion and mistrust are to predominate in cultural affairs as well as political, then those who are the stoutest advocates of intellectual freedom are no better than their political counterparts. Conciliation between the world's two greatest military powers becomes ever remoter.

HOWARD A. REEMAN.

Bronx, N. Y.

IK'S HARMONY

EVERYBODY IN THIS country was delighted when Van Cliburn was pronounced First Prizewinner in the Tschaikovsky competition in Moscow. Nobody had expected such an overwhelming recognition of an American artist in Russia. Should we really turn a friendly, though probably well deserved, gesture into an act of aggression, instead of rejoicing over the fact that there are still peaceful contests among otherwise hostile nations that can be settled by fair play? Where is Mr. Kolodin's sense of harmony?

RALPH SANFORD.

Forest Hills, N. Y.

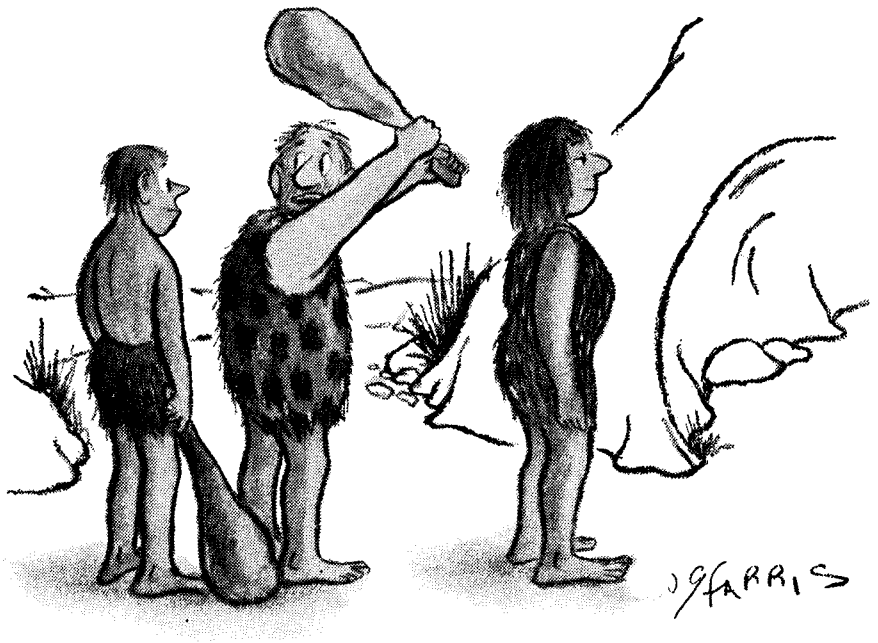
EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Kolodin replies: "Which is worse: the Big Lie or the Half Truth?"*

TIME FOR NEUTRALS

"NEUTRALITY IS BY no means always obnoxious," says Dean Gildersleeve ("Obnoxious Neutrality," *SR* May 10), citing Switzerland as a "model neutral." No one —not even this partisan of the Cold War (and what's wrong with remaining ever alert to the Soviet menace?)—could honestly oppose true neutrality like Switzerland's. What the undersigned—along with what I believe the majority of Americans—cannot abide is pro-Soviet behavior guised as "neutralism," as exemplified by certain "backward" nations never backward in demanding that the U.S. taxpayer foot the bills for their crackpot five-year economic plans. By the nature of her geography, Switzerland has traditionally kept aloof from any alliances —but even in World War II not even the most ardent anti-Hitlerite could ever have accused that nation of being "neutral" against the U.S. It is high time other "neutral" nations, particularly in Southeast Asia, wake up to the growing threat of the Soviet advance and the need for immediately taking measures to counter that threat.

VICTOR LASKY.

New York, N. Y.



"Notice the interlocking grip. When the club is raised, the left arm remains stiff. The eyes stay fixed on the head at all times . . ."

IT'S "TAR HEEL"

IN AN OTHERWISE excellent article, "Victims of Success' (*SR* May 3) Henry Steele Commager quotes "Jim Tatum of the North Carolina Tarheels." My loyalty to the Old North State rebels at this. I realize that many compound expressions are and should be written as single words —for instance "Damyankee." But "Tar Heel" should always be written as two words, both capitalized.

CLIFTON L. HALL.

Nashville, Tenn.

MORE PRESENT

PROF. COMMAGER says that we should give more emphasis to the past in our high-schools, because the present scene impinges too much on the high-school pupil already. I am a high-school teacher, and when I read this statement I laughed. The current scene to the high-school youngster is a blur and a fog and a nuisance and a mess. The past to the youngster is a remote and distant gossamer tale in a stilted textbook. From my experience, what the pupil in the high school needs is great emphasis on the present: more newspaper reading and more magazine reading and more book reading on the present. Also, what we need to do is to throw away the high-school textbooks on history and economics—they are atrocities in make-up and in style. We could teach what is relevant in the past —relevant to the present—through good books on the past which are not textbooks.

MARTIN WOLFSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

VARIOUS "TRUE LAWS"

WHILE IT WAS AN unexpected pleasure to find an *SR* editorial which dealt with law, it was extremely disturbing to find that you would give currency to such a theory as "True Law" (*SR* Apr. 26). The idea of a Higher Law is an appealing one —to lawyers in time of need and to laymen in time of doubt—but it is about as logically defensible as the theory that the earth is flat. I hope no one begins an agitation for international peace based on Natural Law, as it is usually called, for such law exists only in the mind of the person writing or talking about it, and I rather imagine natural legal concepts vary considerably. At least anthropological studies indicate they do, if you are inclined to believe them, and we can be certain concepts which we have and which we consider our natural rights are completely unknown in, for example, Russia.

RAY D. HENSON.

Chicago, Ill.

LAW NOT ENOUGH

THOUGH JUDGE ROBERT WILKIN advocates "True Law," the "true law" has been exploited by tyranny almost as frequently as it has been explored by the forces for freedom. It is the nature of man that must change, not the nature of his law.

JOE M. TOCKMAN.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Tragedy Without Tears

"The Visit" is one of the most extraordinary theatrical works of our time. It is very possible that, with it, the thirty-seven-year-old Swiss playwright Duerrenmatt has arrived at a new dramatic form for modern tragedy.

The play begins casually, with a comedic tone. Some rather ordinary people in the impoverished town of Gullen are awaiting the visit of Claire Zachanassian, who left the place a teen-aged nobody but who has now through a series of fortunate marriages snowballed herself into one of the world's wealthiest women. The townspeople hope she will give them some money to help restore prosperity. And to act as persuader they pick their popular and affable grocer, Anton Schill. Anton, someone vaguely remembers, had been Claire's lover before he married a local merchant's daughter, but this is thought to be more in his favor than not.

What holds our interest through the first act is not so much the story as the theatrical cameos director Peter Brook and designer Teo Otto have fashioned with the aid of an expert cast headed by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. We hear imaginary express trains roar across the front of the stage as a bored stationmaster routinely salutes the conductor from the platform: Life as usual in a dead town. Then occurs the slight variance in routine which is to set Gullen off on a course of action that will try its citizens' souls. *The Flying Dutchman* makes an unscheduled stop. Mme. Zachanassian has, instead of taking the tiresome local, merely pulled the emergency cord aboard the express. A sophisticated audience sees nothing too startling in this event. A brilliantly devised entrance for the play's star. No more. And even after Claire's dramatic arrival there are only a few lightly played hints of something ominous to come.

We are further disarmed by a light and charming scene in which Anton takes Claire walking in the woods that witnessed their earlier trysts. It seems only a humorous fancy that Claire remembers the bygone events with great clarity, whereas Anton recalls them not as they were but as he would like them to have been.

Not until the end of Act I does the play's first complication arise. Claire offers the town 1 billion marks

Duerrenmatt—"a new form."

to be divided equally amongst its citizens with one proviso, but before the townspeople bother to hear the proviso they start up dancing with joy. However, it turns out that Mme. Zachanassian is an extremist. She is extremely generous, but she also wants extreme justice. Anton Schill, it is revealed, had bribed witnesses to discredit her when she had accused him of being the father of her unborn child forty years back. She demands that the town take Anton's life.

The town's immediate outward reaction to her proposal is a self-righteous rejection. The laws of society and the laws of the jungle are not the same. Claire is not disturbed. With omniscient calm she announces that she will wait.

ACT II begins with Anton jolly because of this show of support from his fellow men. But as he serves customers in his store he notices people who heretofore have been very thrifty in their purchases now spending beyond their means. When he seeks reassurance from the Burgomaster he finds the Town Hall being refurbished with a new typewriter. And in the midst of receiving religious solace from the pastor, he hears the ringing of the church's new bell. Paranoiacally, he feels that this spending means the town has already tacitly accepted Claire's proposal. He sees the townspeople as trapping and hunting him down. And when he tries to leave town there is a beautifully-staged scene at the railway station in which the men of the town seem to be lined up as a phalanx between him and the train. Anton becomes immobilized like some fear-crazed animal. Yet for most of this act the play still preserves a fundamentally comedic and casual tone.

It is the third act in which the play's large issues are allowed to erupt. A schoolteacher passionately begs Claire to be merciful and not to push the town into this immoral act. Her answer is, "The town made me into a whore. I will make the town into a brothel." Then we watch the painful process of a mass tragedy coming to a boil. But this mass tragedy is theatrically relieved in several ways. It is relieved by a love scene between Anton, who is now resigned to his death, and Claire, who feels that she is reclaiming her boyhood sweetheart. She says, "The dreams of youth are sacred, don't you think?"

Later, the agony of Anton's death sentence is made remote when the newsreel cameraman requests that it be done over again for the film. Thus, instead of identifying ourselves with Anton, we tend to see the author's view of a world in which society's institutions, and laws, have debased rather than ennobled the individual. We move away from personal emotional involvement to a more Olympian view.

AT FIRST glance, this removal appears to have made "The Visit" colder and less moving. And it must be admitted that Mr. Duerrenmatt's play never rolls for very long on the inner fuel of its own interacting ingredients. The story of "The Visit" is one of inevitable tragedy, but its details often seem author-imposed and humorous.

On the other hand, this seeming fault may be "The Visit's" greatest virtue. It is "Camino Real" without belief in Romanticism, and "The Threepenny Opera" without belief in Marxism. It is "Our Town" without belief in an after-life, and "The Entertainer" without belief in the present one. All by itself it succeeds in being a convincing tragedy in a godless and ignoble world.

There may be those who will argue that "The Visit" is not a tragedy at all, and certainly it does not meet the classical definitions. Yet it accomplishes so many of the things we expect of tragedy, without giving in to any of the presumptions that make classical tragedy unsatisfactory to moderns, that we realize our whole concept of the subject must be re-examined.

In Claire Zachanassian, "The Visit" has an individual whose money and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

insistence on stern justice give her the power and the mystery of a pre-New Testament God. In Anton Schill it has a victim who, like Hamlet, conquers his fear and rises to a state of resignation about death. He says simply, "A useless life will come to an end." (At the *individual* end of the spectrum we see ourselves as capable of a temporary divine serenity.) And in the townspeople Duerrenmatt has the most corruptible of all forces, the social human being. There is no need for plagues or thunderbolts when there are towns to be had. (At the *mass* end of the spectrum we see ourselves as capable of vileness and hypocrisy.)

The play and Peter Brook's staging of it overshadow the individual performances. It would be hard to think of any other actress who could play Claire Zachanassian with such a convincing combination of resolute evil purpose and divine grace as does Miss Fontanne. When she says, "The world and I have been on most intimate terms," we feel that here is a woman who has seen and done everything and that each bad experience has only served to increase her will power. On the other hand, when she exults in the removal of her true love from the world's foulness, we feel her triumph to be holy and benevolent.

Alfred Lunt brings enormous skill and versatility to the role of Anton Schill. One is tempted to say that he brings too much, because while he demonstrates the character perfectly we do not feel the sort of intense suffering we did in Olivier's performance of Archie Rice in "The Entertainer." At the same time, the perfection and ease with which he performs each difficult scene is probably greater than any other living actor could achieve. His artistry is superb and this portrayal is the finest he has given in many years.

Outstanding in the large supporting cast is one of England's most dynamic young actors, Peter Woodthorpe, who plays the schoolteacher. Displaying that unteachable innate stage sense which marks him as a potentially great actor, he makes every second of his performance vital and memorable. One must also salute the dry delivery of Eric Porter, who as the Burgomaster tells the welcoming committee, "The secret is to be sincerely moved."

Teo Otto's use of selective realism adds universality to the play. His third act setting, composed of nothing but an arrangement of painted lamps, is as stunning a design as we've had all season.

MAURICE VALENCY's adaptation has undoubtedly softened and humanized the harsh Expressionistic original. Whether this is an improvement or not can only be determined after someone produces a more literal translation. However, one must remember that Mr. Valency's changes were made with the approval and the cooperation of Mr. Duerrenmatt, who revised many of the scenes himself. The play's present form was also influenced by the reception afforded a variety of versions by audiences over many weeks of pre-Broadway testing. And one suspects that Mr. Valency's working away from the grotesqueness which originally drew Mme. Zachanassian as a woman with an ivory hand and a wooden leg, and away from the sternness which presented her as a revenge-driven creature, into a person whose motivation is really a perverted love for her victim were wise moves that do not obscure the play's essential values. For in its present form "The Visit" is a staggering and unforgettable theatrical achievement.

—HENRY HEWES.

NEW MUSICAL by the composers of "MY FAIR LADY"

SEATS ON SALE 10 WEEKS IN ADVANCE
MAIL ORDERS FILLED • ALL SEATS RESERVED
Every eve. 8:40 • Mats. Wed., Sat., Sun. & Hols., 2:40
air-conditioned
ROYALE THEATRE
45th St. West of B'way

LIMITED ENGAGEMENT!
NOW thru JULY 5
"LUNT, FONTANNE TRIUMPH IN 'THE VISIT'!"
—ATKINSON, TIMES
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Eves.: $8.80, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Tax Incl.
LUNT-FONTANNE THEA., 205 W. 46 St., New York

THE THEATRE GUILD and DORE SCHARY present
RALPH BELLAMY
SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO
by DORE SCHARY
with MARY FICKETT • HENRY JONES
Directed by VINCENT J. DONEHUE
CORT THEA. 138 W. 48 St., N. Y. C.

MARCEL PROUST
ON ART AND LITERATURE
Collected Criticism:
1896-1919
translated by Sylvia Townsend Warner
416 pages $6.00
"For those for whom the great critic is the connoisseur, not the analyst, he is among the great critics of the world."
Times Literary Supplement

GREENWICH EDITIONS
published by
MERIDIAN BOOKS

ORTEGA Y GASSET
ON LOVE:
Aspects of a Single Theme
translated by Toby Talbot
204 pages Second Printing $3.50
Sacred and Profane Opinion Concur
"full of wit and charm . . . love, as Ortega sees it, is neither a biological urge nor a social panacea, but a phenomenon of culture and a noble emanation of the civilized mind."
Winthrop Sargent, The New Yorker
"It would be delightful if ON LOVE were widely read . . ."
The Commonweal
"Ortega, in this posthumous collection, remains a prophet for today . . ."
The Christian Century
MERIDIAN BOOKS
17 Union Square, New York City 3

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE FINEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE MUSICAL STAGE THIS SEASON!"
— Atkinson, Times, Dec. 29, 1957

WEST SIDE STORY

A new musical
Based on a conception of Jerome Robbins
Book by ARTHUR LAURENTS
Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Lyrics by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
with
CAROL LAWRENCE LARRY KERT CARMEN ALVAREZ
Entire Production Directed and Choreographed by
JEROME ROBBINS
Evgs. Orch. $8.05; Boxes $8.05, 5.75; Loges $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 3.60, 3.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Boxes $4.60, 3.45; Loges $4.15; Balc. $3.45, 3.00, 2.50. (Tax Incl.). Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.
WINTER GARDEN 1634 B'way. Cir 5-4878
Tickets Now Available for All Performances

USE CONVENIENT ORDER FORM BELOW TO SUBSCRIBE NOW TO

The Saturday Review

The magazine for people whose time is limited but whose interests are not.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y.
Please enter my subscription for the term indicated below:

☐ Three years $16—saving you $23.00 on newsstand costs

☐ Two years $12—saving you $14.00 on newsstand costs

☐ One year $7—saving you $6.00 on newsstand costs

(Add $1 per year for Canadian postage, $2 per year for other foreign)

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
Zone.....State.....
5-24
Allow four weeks for delivery of first copy.

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Best-Seller Week

THE moment of flashback in a movie is usually indicated when the screen begins to shimmer and undulate. The technique is to close up first on the face, then on the eyes of one of the characters, and as the eyes grow thoughtful and dreamy we go into the past. Most of the events of **"Ten North Frederick,"** taken from the John O'Hara novel, are told seemingly through the reverie of Ann Chapin, the daughter of Joseph B. Chapin, solid citizen of Gibbsville, Pennsylvania. Shortly after the movie begins, Ann Chapin (Diane Varsi) lies back on her bed and remembers a great deal about herself and her father, whose funeral has just taken place. In fact, the guests are still downstairs. But there is something funny about this flashback. Ann Chapin seems to be able to remember a great many things she doesn't know.

For instance, she remembers an idylic love affair her father (Gary Cooper) has had with a model in New York. This affair is pictured in considerable detail. We see Joe Chapin meeting Kate Drummond (Suzy Parker) at his daughter's apartment in New York. Ann is out at the time, and she doesn't realize her father ever knew Kate Drummond until long after the funeral—*and the flashback.* I may be getting rather picayune to stress such a detail of a movie's plot construction, but it seems to me that a serious flaw in elementary story logic exists here, and Philip Dunne, who both wrote the screen play and directed the movie, knows better.

At other points in the long flashback, Ann remembers scenes between her father and her ambitious mother (Geraldine Fitzgerald) which are shocking and which were presumably kept private. She remembers, although she couldn't possibly have been present, her mother telling her father that she had, years before, been unfaithful to him. She was also, presumably, present in her mind's eye when Joe Chapin engages in some fairly shoddy political maneuverings, and when, to ease the pain of a setback, he spends an evening drinking and talking to a chippy in a hotel room. Mr. Dunne's writing problem was admittedly difficult: how to tell the story of a man whose funeral has just taken place. It would have been difficult for him to have remembered anything while lying in a coffin. Nevertheless, Billy Wilder did not hesitate to have William Holden remember a great many things in Sunset Boulevard while floating face-down in a swimming pool. Mr. Dunne eschewed this device, but he has still, I think, chosen the wrong focus.

Aside from this, the movie attempts to explain and depict the essential tragedy of a leading citizen of a small town who, while remaining a gentleman, got himself into all sorts of hot water. When his wife suggests to him that it is within his powers to become President of the country, he doesn't tell her that she is talking through her snooty head, but agrees, saying, in effect: "Okay, I'll try to make President." He starts out by bribing a politician with $100,000, hardly an auspicious way to begin. The double moral standard of the leading character is never made either clear or ironic in Gary Cooper's simplified playing. Miss Fitzgerald is a good deal more striking as the wife, and Tom Tully has a few good, if ambiguous, moments as the politician. The material for a fine, trenchant movie was there, but that long flashback seems to have gotten in the way.

* * *

Two other best-sellers have come out unsatisfactorily in their screen versions. Robert Ryan and Buddy Hackett have themselves a ball as Ty Ty and Pluto in Caldwell's **"God's Little Acre,"** but the story seems curiously archaic when moved up from the Depression Thirties to the present. And when Aldo Ray gets himself shot while trying to start up a silent cotton mill I was carried right back to the days when militant little theatre groups put on plays of social consciousness. Tina Louise and Fay Spain make attempts to look provocative, but are incapable of achieving the lusty, earthy humor that characterized the book. In **"Too Much, Too Soon"** Dorothy Malone and Errol Flynn play two members of the Barrymore family. Errol Flynn drinks himself to death; Dorothy Malone rescues herself by writing a book. In between I counted eighteen fifths being boozed by both parties. Nothing could be duller. But is there, somewhere in the sky, a Happy Drinking Ground from which John Barrymore can view this impersonation of his splendid self by Errol Flynn? That would make it all worthwhile. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Charging Abusive Paralyzes the Customer

THERE are doubtless uncountable ways of getting from Brussels to Paris, not the least of which is taking the egg-beater that paddles over the burgeoning flatlands in something like an hour and three-quarters, landing more or less in mid-town Paris. I hadn't, as a matter of fact, been in a helicopter since the days when National Airlines was running service from Miami to Hialeah. However, having only the week before eaten my way through a mountain of calories aboard Sabena's flying restaurant from New York to Brussels in a dozen hours (if the course-by-course service gets more elaborate and the flight much shorter there will scarcely be time for dinner), I was anxious to discover what was transpiring with that primitive form of transportation, the train.

It being a late afternoon run, there was no mealtime bell ringing on the rattler, but a steward did come around hustling tea. Unlike the British railways, where you troop into the dining car for a multi-course parade of tea and sandwiches the likes of which is only outdistanced by an Indonesian Rijsttafel, the Trans-European express offers it right at your seat. If those at the window seats take tea, a table hidden under the window is pulled out one stop. It is extended another notch for aisle passengers and those squeezed in the middle. From the unfolding of the table and the spreading of the crisp, starchy heavy linen tablecloth, to the paying of the bill tea takes up virtually the entire journey from Brussels to Paris. We were forthwith in the Gare du Nord, and, in short order, in a cab which wandered the streets looking for the Hotel San Regis.

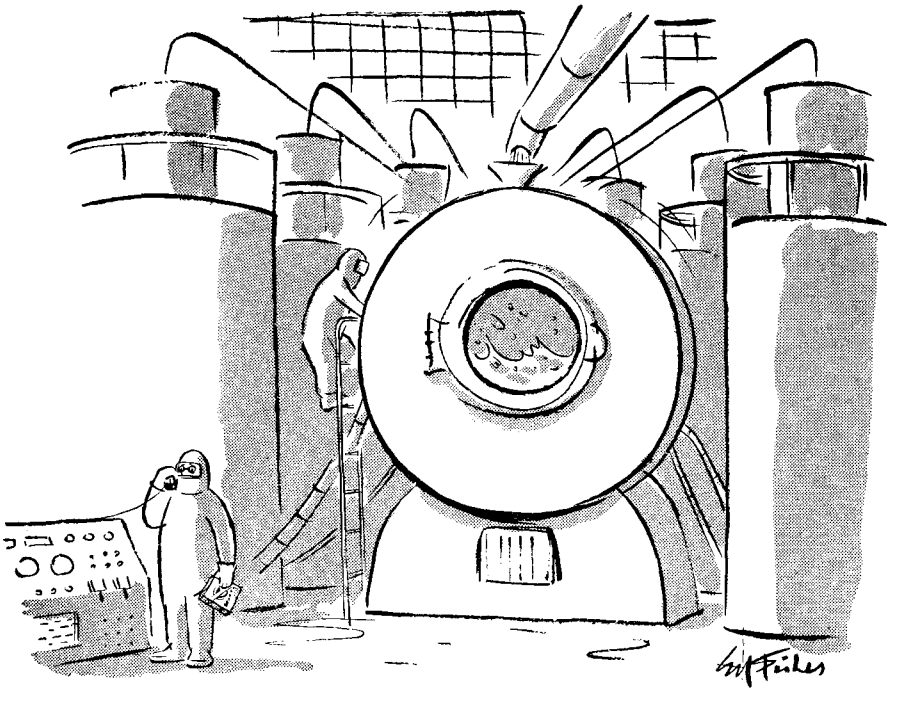
I think the last time I arrived by rail Paris was undergoing one of its recurrent epidemics of transportation strikes. There being on that occasion neither a cab nor a Métro train in action, an enterprising porter loaded my bags on a hand cart and it was in that stylish manner that we eventually drew up in front of the Hotel George V. The sight, as I recall it now, invoked a shudder from M. Max Blouet, then the manager, which started somewhere near his startled eyes, rippled down his striped trousers, ending with a fillip at their cuffless bottoms.

The San Regis, a splendid nook which nestles on a back street called the Rue Jean Goujon, gets along with considerably less help than the larger palaces, but somehow retains an air of elegance all the same without skyrocketing the prices. The baths, rather like those of the Bristol in Paris and the Negresco in Nice, really give nothing to the splendor of Versailles. From this little nook of fine airs it is the shortest of walks down to the Rond Point where, despite the enormous budgets for continuing the wars in North Africa, the city has not forgotten that the pleasure of the eye must not be forsaken either. Handsome new circular fountains are being installed amid the lush flower beds, and goat carts pulling masses of children along the sandy paths lent an air of untrammelled normalcy to the approaching spring.

As for the spring, it had been held back by cold and gray days, and even though it was April in Paris the chestnut trees had refused to blossom. But, as it has a habit of doing in Paris, the new season came at last all in one day, a gorgeous warm Sunday that sent the families rocketing off on picnics and filled the Champs and the Tuileries with arm-in-arm strollers. The outdoor tables of Fouquets running around the corner of the Champs and up the Avenue George V were packed with sunbathers who dabbled at Sunday brunch. The traffic streamed out into the Bois and jammed the road to Longchamps which was a hectic maze of cursing cab drivers and whistle-blowing cops.

DOWNTOWN traffic seemed a little more relieved than usual, perhaps because of the establishment of a Blue Zone in which parking is rigidly controlled. Those brave types who will be driving cars in Paris this summer should be aware that the Zone Bleue is a wedge that includes the Etoile, the Place de la Concorde, the Rue de Rivoli, the Opera and the Boulevard Haussman. Its exact borders and boundaries are printed on a cardboard disc which is available free of charge in most gas stations. When parking within the limits of the Blue Zone the driver turns the disc until the hour of his arrival at the parking place appears in a window of the cardboard cover. The hour at which the car must be moved then appears in an adjoining window. This device must be displayed on the windshield of all cars, and a corps of retired police have been recruited to enforce the regulation. As a slogan imprinted on the disc declares, "The parking abusive paralyses the circulation." So far the system seems to be working admirably and, it would appear, is cheaper than the New York scheme of erecting a forest of complicated metal signs whose pronouncements can scarcely be enforced by the local police.

All the high-flown promises and



"Deterrent? I thought you said 'nuclear detergent'!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GETTYSBURG 1863

FIRST OF AUTHENTIC CIVIL WAR RELIEF MAPS

Just published! Handsome, five-color reproduction of official army map with roads, farms, etc., as they were in 1863. Hills and contours molded to scale. Describes battle, shows troop positions. Brings new insight to your readings. Durable plastic, 14"x20" with border frame for wall mounting.

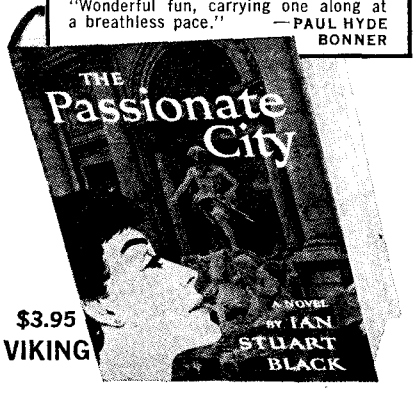
Special introductory price $6.50
10-day money back guarantee if not delighted POSTPAID

Other Civil War relief maps being prepared—send for information.

HAVERFORD MAP COMPANY
P. O. Box 58-B, Haverford, Penna.

They were surrounded by mystery, intrigue, and unseen enemies—all they could be sure of was that this was Rome, the time was Spring, and they were in love. . . .

"Wonderful fun, carrying one along at a breathless pace." —PAUL HYDE BONNER



$3.95
VIKING

Best Book Contest for 1958

$1600 Cash Awards plus 40% royalty. All types of manuscripts invited. For Contest rules and details of famous publishing plan, write for free Brochures.

Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Please send the address at which copies are now being received, as well as the new address, when notifying us of an address change. Allow three weeks for the changeover. Include postal zone number, if any.

SATURDAY REVIEW
Circulation Department
25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

FREE! Inside Story on Publishing Your Book

If you are the talented author of an unpublished manuscript, let us help gain the recognition you deserve. We will publish your BOOK—we will edit, design, print, promote, advertise and *sell it!* Good royalties.

Write for FREE copy of How To Publish Your Book

COMET PRESS BOOKS, Dept. SR-5
200 Varick St., N. Y. 14

official edicts which flowed out of the international meeting of government tourist officials held in Washington last Fall seem to have had little effect on the foreign scene. Flying from Le Bourget to London the traveler is still being taxed for the privilege of leaving the country, a reprehensible practice that is also being exercised by the Italians and the British.

In a singular interlude of amity in Washington last autumn, the Russians and the Americans agreed with each other, and the rest of the nations present concurred, that it was a downright inhospitable practice to lure travelers abroad and then slap them with a departure tax. (Indeed, the U.S. also voted against increased paperwork for passengers, and almost at the same time the Department of Justice required travelers entering and leaving the U.S. to be possessed of yet another form outlining the traveler's vital statistics. Filled out on departure from the country, it must be retained all through a foreign trip, then surrendered on arrival.)

THE immigration authorities in London have adopted the newly installed American procedure of checking arriving passengers' names against a large black book presumably filled with undesirable types. Otherwise, London customs operated with the usual courtesy and dispatch, and London Airport itself has, thankfully, like parts of Idlewild, grown out of its slum quarters.

Dinner at the Ivy, the London Sardi's, was pleasant enough, although English cooking masquerading as French still doesn't quite come off. A quick lunch the next day at the Cheshire Cheese, Dr. Johnson's ancient pub off Fleet Street, was a harrowing experience. The local population was jammed into the bar, but the restaurant, now presided over by a chef in a white hat, was filled to a man with American tourists. You could still get a steak and kidney pie, but broiled sirloin steak was a new popular addition to the menu. "Core," said a waiter, "the plice would close without the h'Americans." Then he shouted after some departing guests. "'Allo there. Don't leave without visiting our famous cellar." Had I come by car I would have expected to find when leaving that the bumper had been decorated with a paper sticker.

The movement to attract Americans to Britain has been a brilliant merchandising campaign, but there are some serious signs that London at any rate can't cope with the prosperity. Hotel rooms here in the earliest days of spring are virtually impossible to come by, and I was told how very lucky I was to be able to engage the last room in the Berkeley for the one night of my London stay. The room, a double, was pleasant enough until I got the bill the next day. It stood at an even seven pounds seven shillings, or $20.60 for occupancy alone. "We had the only room in London last night," a prepossessing young clerk in striped trousers informed me, his tone holding me at arm's length, "and you got it. It happened to have been a double room so we are obliged to charge you the double rate even though it was occupied singly." He spun on his heel and that was that. It was one thing to object to that priggish, we've-got-you-by-the-ears-chap's attitude, but it is another thing to contemplate the utterly disproportionate charges being levied by London hotels compared with the relatively modest prices charged by London restaurants, theatres, cabs, buses, and even nightclubs. In the midst of their fat prosperity London hoteliers might do well to consider the plight of France, which, suffering a bad tourist press, was off 19 per cent in tourism last year.

Fortunately for British travel, this situation does not extend to the provinces. Motoring out of London I stopped at the handsome Lygon Arms in the Cotswold village of Broadway, which offers bed and breakfast in delightful surroundings at about $6 a night. Even at these modest prices it seems not to have suffered at all from a lack of profit, for I found it vastly enlarged from my last visit here a number of years ago. While I had remembered it as an old coaching and hunting inn, where a rider might trot past the front door at the heels of a pack of baying hounds—indeed, such a sight woke me up there one morning—it now has bloomed into a big-business operation. It caters to hunt-meets far afield from Broadway. It has added a new grill room presided over by a chef, he too in a white hat, and the creaky parlor which dated back, I had supposed, to the period of King Ethelred the Unready now resounds at eventide with the rumble of television.

I think I outdistanced television by moving northward into Wales, where I found the best hotel in the city of Llangollen, scene of the annual international Eisteddfodd, to be exacting the likes of $3.36 a day from its guests for a room and breakfast in the dining bay overlooking the River Dee. I couldn't help but think that it was no nightingale that sang in Berkeley Square. It must have been a vulture. —HORACE SUTTON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Paul Robeson in Carnegie Hall

WHATEVER else may have befallen him, the years have dealt kindly with Paul Robeson's abilities as a performer. His recent return to Carnegie Hall after many a long year's absence (are there any short ones for the dispossessed?) began with a rising tide of applause from the capacity attendance. It was no slight task to re-establish a rapport with his listeners after a lapse—locally—of eleven years. One thing led to another (amid more than encouraging applause) and finally to a spiritual about "Climbin' Up Jacob's Ladder," in which he invited the audience to join. When they did, Robeson as an experienced entertainer and showman knew they were his. The expansion of mood was almost visible, the relaxation of tension equally tangible.

In his earlier groups, Robeson showed that the voice which has been his professional asset for singing, speaking, or acting over a full thirty-five year span is still potent and pliable, also plangent. It seemed to beg the question somewhat, in terms of Carnegie Hall utility, for him to utilize a powerful complement of speakers at either side of the stage. But, whether the audience realized it or not, they were paid attendants at a recording session, and the arrangement may have been devised to relieve the singer of any inclination to strain. Listening at a point where the amplification did not overlap, it seemed that the raw stuff of the voice is basically unimpaired, as richly malleable and essentially untrained as in the days when his Town Hall appearances in the Thirties were, however frequent, always musts. A new mannerism was the right hand cupped behind the ear from time to time, doubtless to blot out the confusing "voices" from the speakers.

It was evident from his opening group (which proceeded from an opening Elizabethan air, "Over the Mountains," glorifying love, to a setting of Blake's "Jerusalem," the spiritual "Balm in Gilead," a Smetana arrangement of a Moravian hymn to freedom, and a concluding treatment of Beethoven's setting of Schiller's "Ode to Joy" in terms of "one for all and all for one") that this was less a recital than a preachment. The implicit became explicit toward the end of the next group when, after persuading the audience to join him in song, he digressed to a lengthy explanation of why he juxtaposed Hebraic material with African, and African with Chinese. They were, he explained, part of a long-range affinity which manifests itself in the music of folk around the world. This basic musicological truth was received by his audience as a revelation, aided no little by Robeson's histrionic talent for vivifying a commonplace by an inflection of speech, a thrust of the head or even, when pertinent, a bit of truckin'.

ROBESON remains a man of magnificent vocal endowments with a highly cultivated sense of phrase and accent, a power of articulation second to none among his contemporaries. Every word he sang in English was clearly intelligible and, when he spoke, it was with that rolling command to the attention recalled from ventures dating to "All God's Chillun" of the mid-Twenties. On the other hand, the suggestion that he was equal to the demands of a key section from Moussorgsky's "Boris" (a prayer from the "Death of Boris") was nullified by its limited vocal range, centering around E flat and a neighboring tone or two.

As the evening progressed, Robeson tended more and more to use the occasion as a sounding board for his grievances which, however obliquely stated, were clearly apparent to his sympathetic listeners. Musically, the occasion profited from the accompaniments of Allan Booth, who maintained the high standards associated with Lawrence Brown, Robeson's invariable collaborator of other days. He did not do as well in a solo group, which nevertheless did not discourage interest in hearing him at greater length on his own.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

The Poet (after "L'Ultima Rinunzia" of Guido Gozzano, 1883-1916)

By Felix Stefanile

MY MOTHER wept, her sickness sure;
solace I had none at heart.
While the woman lay there dying,
for a poem I kept trying.
"Son," she called, "leave your art;
bring me water for my cure."

"I shall call the maid," I said,
whittling at the witty words.
"She will bring a draught for sleeping;
you may leave off your weeping."
In the gloom silver birds
made white music around her bed.

In the night the wind grew still,
and I worked my vessel smooth.
"Son," my mother called, "what shade
stands across where I am laid,
in the figure of a youth?"
"Make of it what you will,

I shall call the maid," I said,
"for my work is much too dear.
You may talk to her, and pray
until the coming of the day,
but I must be busy here.
White music fills my head."

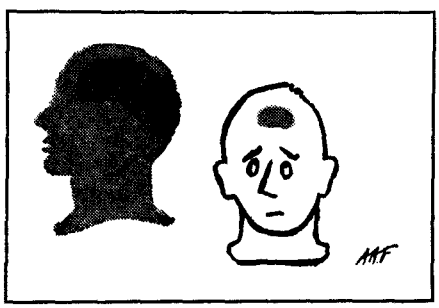
Then my mother ceased her turning.
With the coming of the dawn
all the words made silver dance.
Sun flashed, like a lance,
shearing tree-top, roof and stone,
toward my chamber, burning, burning.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whither the American School?

Ever since the first satellite vaulted into space Americans have been searching their schools for the reason why we fell behind the Soviet Joneses. For the first time a shocked public realized that its cherished educational system might not be as pre-eminent as its iceboxes. The result has been a flurry of articles, speeches, and books demanding curricular changes. That these have sometimes been contradictory is reflected in a number of recent studies, among them those discussed in these pages: "Second-Rate Brains," edited by Kermit Lansner; "The Revolution in Education," by Mortimer J. Adler and Milton Mayer; "Schools Without Scholars," by John Keats; "TV and Our School Crisis," by Charles A. Siepmann; "Moral Values in Public Education," by Ellis Ford Hartford, and "Education and Human Relations," by Ashley Montagu.

I. A Warning



"Second-Rate Brains," edited by Kermit Lansner *(Doubleday. 96 pp. $1.50), is an anthology of comments on American education by some of our country's first-rate brains. Fred M. Hechinger, who evaluates their statements, wrote "Adventure in Education: Connecticut Points the Way."*

By Fred M. Hechinger

THE cover of this small but important book warns bluntly: "Our schools, colleges, laboratories are turning out second-rate brains." The first reflex reaction is to write this off as another one of the extremist and alarmist attacks on American education which seem to have been launched en masse together with Sputnik.

A second look, however, shows at once that this carefully edited book contains a different kind of warning. Its voices are not those of the new band of opportunists who, having been deaf to the needs of the schools in the past are now posing as their discoverers. Kermit Lansner, with the experienced eye of the editor, has collected the writings of experts who base their criticism on years of experience and knowledge. Where they are scolding, they are doing so with the love of the disappointed friend, not with the destructive venom of the sniper.

With clinical sharpness, Mr. Kermit's blue pencil has stripped this vital topic of superfluous words. First, he lets experts—among them Nicholas DeWitt, Alexander G. Korol, and Dr. I. I. Rabi—tell of the Russian achievement. They do this without the chauvinistic smugness that has for so long sapped America's strength, and without the childish panic that recently has turned every Soviet gas station attendant into a rocket-launching Einstein.

Here is no hysterical demand that the American classroom be remade in the Soviet image—a demand that screams from too many headlines. Here is instead Mr. Korol's sober statement that "for the free nations to believe they can somehow achieve their social goals and scientific, technological, and moral superiority while continuing to carry on their educational efforts and all the other pursuits of life 'as usual' is to refuse to face the realities of the world scene..."

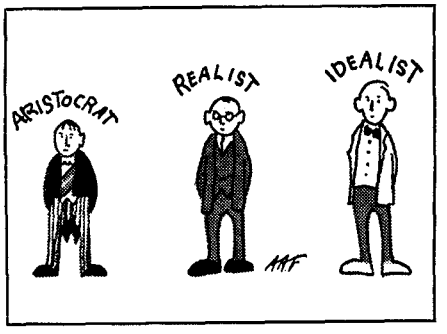
These men don't ask us to play the "numbers game" in turning out one American per mathematics hour for each Soviet math major. They don't ask for a science "crash program." Dr. Rabi says simply that "we must teach science as an intellectual pursuit rather than as a body of tricks" and, he adds wistfully, that "as yet, if a man has no feeling for art he is considered narrow-minded, but if he has no feeling for science he is considered quite normal."

IN ITS second part this hastily, but carefully assembled anthology deals with mediocrity that has crept (or perhaps, galloped) into the American school and into American thinking. If the remedies proposed by such men as Admiral Hyman Rickover and historian Arthur Bestor may be too drastic, their analysis of the shortcomings is as necessary as an unsentimental, honest diagnosis of the disease before the patient can be entrusted to therapy or, if necessary, the surgeon's knife. Possibly Mr. Bestor's charge that the American school's "life adjustment" may have turned into "death adjustment" in the watered-down curriculum seems extreme; but when he cites the California State Board of Education as *prohibiting* the state colleges from requiring a foreign language for graduation, one wonders.

In the last part such thoughful men as Robert Oppenheimer think out loud about "solutions." They ask for effort and thought—not to ape Russia but to create a real respect for the capacity of the mind. They don't hide their belief that America, through learning without tears, has come to be the sanctuary for second-rate brains, but they also are deeply convinced that the United States can produce all the first-rate minds it needs, if it only pulls itself out of its self-satisfied mental stagnation.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II. First Principles



"The Revolution in Education," by Mortimer J. Adler and Milton Mayer *(Introduction by Clarence Faust; University of Chicago Press. 196 pp. $3.75), is primarily concerned with "asking the right questions" about some fundamental principles of education. Arthur Mizener, our reviewer, has been professor of English at Cornell University since 1951.*

By Arthur Mizener

THE title of this book is eye-catching, but perhaps a little misleading, for its authors are talking, in a special way, about something which has happened to us, rather than about something we can be said deliberately to have done. This is the revolutionary idea to which we got committed—probably without much real awareness of what was happening—in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, an idea which led, among other things, to universal education.

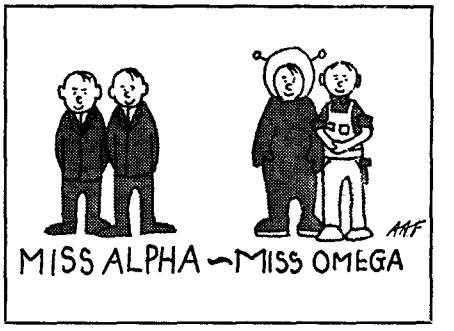
Messrs. Adler and Mayer demonstrate clearly how little universal education in the modern sense was a part of Jefferson's idea of democracy or of any early American's. They also make it clear that we were very slow to recognize what we had committed ourselves to. Their conviction is that we still have not fully realized the problems we have created for ourselves. Their primary concern is to formulate these problems, "to find the right questions," or, in another of their phrases, "to strip the issues for action." Their idea is that, if we go back to first principles and find out what we are disagreeing about philosophically, we can then, presumably, see why we disagree about curriculums, etc.

They, therefore, delineate three major attitudes toward education, what they call the positions of the aristocrat, the realist, and the traditionalist. In fact, however, the position of the aristocrat has almost no relevance in a country committed to universal education for an industrialized democracy; its conception of education is essentially that of a slave, or semi-slave, society and is never advanced in this country except by a few extreme segregationists. The realist position is the one, common enough at all times, of those who think the present state of affairs is about as good a one as we can hope for and had better be left alone.

We are thus left with the idealist position and, according to Messrs. Adler and Mayer most of our arguments about education grow out of a disagreement in principle between two kinds of idealists, the modernists and the traditionalists. Both groups are committed to universal education of the best quality available, but they hold "flatly opposed views of the nature of inquiry, an opposition which, in turn, arises from differing concepts of the nature of reality and the nature of intelligence." The views of the modernist on these questions may be summed up, in John Dewey's words, by the assertion that education must go either "backward to the intellectual and moral standards of a pre-scientific age or forward to a greater utilization of scientific method in the development of the possibilities of growing, expanding experience." The heart of this, Messrs. Adler and Mayer point out, is the idea of "experience," the idea that "the mind is not a faculty for knowing the features of an independent reality but a biological instrument which . . . functions to maintain and advance the living process." To this, they say, the traditionalist replies that "practical wisdom or knowledge of moral values cannot be acquired in the same way as scientific knowledge," that education therefore requires other modes of inquiry than Dewey's "scientific method," though it certainly requires that, and other objects of inquiry than "the possibilities of growing, expanding experience," though it certainly wants that.

It is quite clear that Messrs. Adler and Mayer agree with the traditionalist, who in fact takes a position familiarly associated with Mr. Adler's name. But as nearly as one who agrees with neither position can see, they are eminently fair to the modernist and tradionalist impartially. The one objection that might be made to this book is that it is so preoccupied with "asking the right questions" about first principles that it seldom gets down to cases. For the vulgar mind with its concern for the actual events in which first principles are realized, the glimpses of the minute particulars of experience the authors give us are all too rare.

III. Educational Ills



"Schools Without Scholars," by John Keats *(Houghton Mifflin. 202 pp. $3), sees life-adjustment curricula, vocational education, and teachers' colleges as the culprits in today's schooling. The president of the Bank Street College of Education in New York, John H. Niemeyer, weighs the author's protests for us.*

By John H. Niemeyer

THERE could profitably be a national committee to try to get a copy of "Schools Without Scholars" into the hands of every citizen who is troubled about American education. There should be two requirements, however, of each person who receives a copy.

First, the reader should have to spend some time actually visiting the classrooms and studying the problems of the schools of his immediate community. Critics like Milton Eisenhower, Admiral Rickover, and the editorial writers of *Life* seem to people out on the firing line of the public schools to be living in a never-never land. John Keats has done at least some digging in the reality of schools —although even he has apparently not ventured far from the privileged, college-minded minority. This fact makes his book less helpful to persons concerned with other millions of children who also must somehow be dealt with by our schools—those who do not have anything we would call "homes," those who are handicapped with low intelligence, illness, or special learning problems.

Second, the recipient of the free copy would promise to read "Schools Without Scholars" complete. The author has a neat way (an excellent gadfly device) of expressing what seem to be his feelings, but then, when his excellent mind refuses any longer to overlook the fallacies of the position, he ends by saying that he did not quite mean what he had said after all. So we are led to see the hypothetical

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Alpha, in her concern for social development, conditioning her pupils to become identical peas in a Riesman-defined pod of togetherness. Miss Omega, on the other hand, who in keeping with a popular romanticism has desks screwed to the floor of a rickety school building, "trains the mind" and educates "the individual in his own right." But if the reader stops here and skips to the next chapter he misses Mr. Keats's studied judgment, which starts with the statement: "The point is, both Miss Alpha and Miss Omega have something to offer." It is precisely at this point that the citizens committees recommended by Keats ought to begin.

"Schools Without Scholars" is an effective and at times devastating criticism of many of the weaknesses of our public schools. The fact that volumes could be written about our educational strengths in no way lessens the value of this criticism.

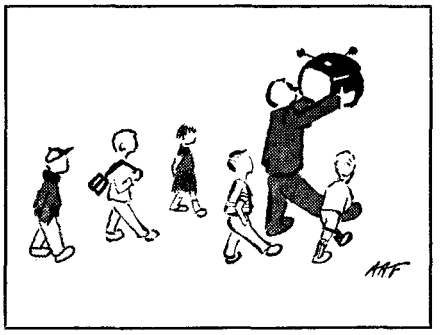
The chief weakness of John Keats's criticism, and of the statements by most of our lay critics of education, is that, by finding convenient devils —life-adjustment curriculum, vocational education, teachers' colleges— as the cause of all our educational ills, they suggest that if we would only exorcise these devils all our problems would be over. A recent *Life* editorial, in large measure inspired by Keats's book, stated flatly ". . . most of our teachers' colleges should be abolished at such. . . ."

Unfortunately, even though there are glaring shortcomings in the existing pattern of professional training and certification of teachers, the solution is not as easy as Keats and the others suggest. The experimental work in training liberal arts graduates for elementary school teaching which has been carried on at Bank Street College of Education in New York— an institution which in spite of its name bears very little semblance to the teachers' colleges now under attack—indicates clearly that four years of liberal arts plus a desire to teach do not alone make a good teacher.

Teaching requires at least two ingredients other than knowledge: artistry, which is a personality-emotional complex that probably cannot be "taught," and craftsmanship, which can. If we are to have teachers who will train the minds and promote the inner strength and the moral fiber needed for a democratic society, we shall have to do much more than shift from one type of college to another. John Keats has some practical suggestions to offer. In addition we shall have to spend much more money for on-the-job learning by teachers and for research to find more effective methods for selecting and training our teachers.

Used critically, "Schools Without Scholars" can be extremely helpful to all educators and laymen who wish to improve our schools. Let us hope that this author will carry his study of the problem to greater depth and three or four years from now get after all of us again with the lash of his provocative mind. Incidentally, for a brilliant rationale of the type of teaching which Keats describes as ideal, we recommend "Experience and Education" written by John Dewey.

IV. A Gadget Cure



"TV and Our School Crisis," by Charles A. Siepmann *(Dodd, Mead. 198 pp. $3.50), urges that video be widely adopted in classrooms as a solution to the school crisis. Reviewer Richard D. Heffner is a former teacher who is program director of the Metropolitan Educational Television Association in New York, as well as producer-moderator of the WRCA-TV program "The Open Mind."*

By Richard D. Heffner

THIS is truly a brilliant book— perceptive, challenging, witty, timely, and to-the-point. But it is sadly wrong, too! Wrong in its need to *oversell* television as a "clean" solution (no fallout of harmful effects) to the present "school crisis" of too few good teachers and classrooms.

To be sure, there are frequent disclaimers on this point throughout the slim volume. But for every statement that none but the foolish would hold television to be "the *deus ex machina* to 'solve' the crisis," there seem to be whole chapters subtly devoted to overselling the medium as precisely that.

More's the pity in that one might have hoped that the very *last* person to be oversold on formal, in-school education by television would be Charles A. Siepmann. Formerly director of adult education for BBC, a onetime consultant to our own Federal Communications Commission, and now chairman of the Department of Communications in Education at New York University, Professor Siepmann is a man not only of great charm and intellectual balance, but of great influence as well. And, up to this point at least, he had been counted among those who attest to the myriad uses to which television can be put for educational purposes but who, at the same time, quickly and positively recognize the dangerous shift in values our educational system may experience given the inevitable widespread imposition of this mechanical gadget upon the classroom. Now, however, Charles Siepmann seems to be oversold himself, and one must fear that he may become the Pied Piper of in-school education through television.

In truth, no thinking American, deeply troubled with the situation of our schools, can help but be impressed by much that Mr. Siepmann writes. The facts and figures he quotes to illustrate how many students we have (and will shortly have) and how few teachers we have (and will shortly have) are truly appalling. And he goes on to point out how television can be used to bring to ever-increasing numbers of young people great teachers where they are not now to be found and even basic courses where they are not now given. ("Forty-eight per cent of this country's high schools offer no physics courses. In twenty-three per cent no physics or chemistry are taught. In twenty-four per cent the students learn no geometry!")

In light of these statistics—and others equally shocking—there seems to be no question but that in the very near future we Americans must turn to television to make up for the teachers we simply do not have and cannot hope to train. Like it or not, as an answer to the *quantitative* educational crisis of our times, television must, in many instances, serve as a substitute for rather than as a supplement to the schoolmarm.

BUT no real response to a major crisis can ever be as smoothly devoid of pitfalls and possible catastrophic side effects as Mr. Siepmann seems to imply. The weight of numbers may be too great for us to do anything other than use television to teach our children. However, we would be tragically naive to assume that, necessarily, this can be done with impunity.

We can accept the statement that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"by and large, children learn as much and as fast by television as under normal conditions." But let us at least concede the fact that this learning *may* be attained within the context of a value system that will have become as mechanical and as impersonal as the TV gadget itself. This is not to say that teaching by television must *necessarily* undermine the traditional values of American education. It is to say, however, that this *may* be the case, and perhaps Mr. Siepmann is doing us a great disservice by overselling televised education without carefully examining its drawbacks. For if we as parents and citizens are also oversold, then we shall be too unaware of the possible shortcomings of TV teaching to mobilize ourselves against them.

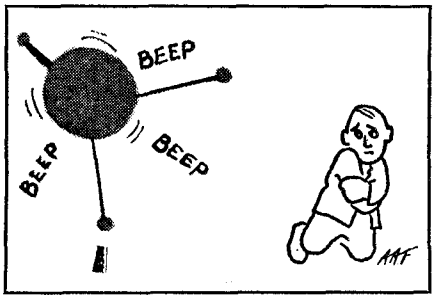
When Mr. Siepmann turns away from his overly "hard sell" for TV in the schools and turns instead to the question of educational television more broadly defined, he is on safer ground. Wisely he points to the need for separate nonprofit educational TV channels designed to serve the entire community at all times (after all, this is not the obligation of the commercial channels). He insists, too, upon the all-important role community television can play in adult education. ("We shall never make much advance in primary and secondary . . . education until the roadblock of adult immaturity is removed. This is a major task of educational television.") And he reminds us that in the matter of techniques of television presentation the educational television director, producer, and administrator is still "a man in the making," requiring patient and extensive training.

BUT to return to Mr. Siepmann's primary concern for selling the television gadget for the classroom, perhaps one could best refer to a quotation from still another excellent volume:

> Implied . . . is the view that television can somehow make good the present defects in education resulting from a dearth of competent teachers. How it can do so is not made clear. Tools are useless other than in the hands of craftsmen, and television is not more than a tool. To substitute television for teaching is to make present educational confusion worse confounded. To use it effectively requires the skilled teacher whose dearth or absence is deplored. Present ills in education require more than gadgets for a cure.

The foregoing is from "Radio, Television, and Society," by Charles A. Siepmann, published in 1950.

V. An Object Lesson



***"Moral Values in Public Education: Lessons from the Kentucky Experience," by Ellis Ford Hartford** (Harper. 338 pp. $4), shows how one school has managed to underscore moral and spiritual values in its educational program. The experiment is assessed by the University of New Hampshire's vice-president and provost, Edward D. Eddy, Jr.*

By Edward D. Eddy, Jr.

SUDDENLY last October 4th education became everybody's business. It proved to be a convenient whipping boy for a nation thoroughly unhappy because somebody else got a dog in the air before we did. It is now the vogue to offer criticisms and solutions on the subject of educating our youngsters. As John Gardner observed recently, "Characters we never heard of before went into orbit and started beeping" about the failure of our schools and colleges.

In the midst of this discussion it is refreshing to find a book which reports on experiments started long before Sputnik. Professor Hartford tells the tale of "the Kentucky Movement," an effort begun in 1946 to put greater moral and spiritual emphasis in the public schools. This particular account of the effort is somewhat poorly organized and distressingly detailed but it does stimulate one to consider the "how" and not just "why and what."

The Kentucky Movement is an amazingly simple attempt to place emphasis in the total school program on "those common values necessary both in our society and in wholesome personal living." It asks the teacher consciously to underscore values wherever and whenever the opportunity occurs—in the curriculum, in activities, counseling, athletics, lunchrooms, planned celebrations, parties, and study halls. It is the object-lesson approach.

Professor Hartford goes to great pains to make clear that the movement is based upon a strict separation of church and state. He contends that the public school cannot escape responsibility for transmitting social values, but it must stay clear of the danger of embracing sectarian doctrines. He claims that "great differences of opinion on basic issues" prevent religious instruction in the schools, but he assumes a unanimity

"Rich, exciting, compellingly readable"*
ROMAIN GARY'S
best-selling Prix Goncourt novel
THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN
$4.50. Simon and Schuster
*From the superb review in The Atlantic

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of opinion regarding society's values. The distinction is not made clear because he does not attempt at any point to enumerate these values.

The reader may wonder if the movement might not run the danger of falling prey to special interests. Mr. Hartford points with pride, as an illustration, to the high-school chorus which not only sang Irving Berlin's "Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor" but then discussed its ramifications in terms of "democracy, freedom, and sympathy," as well as the immigrants landing in America. What would be the particular slant if Mr. McCarran or Mr. Walters were serving on the school board?

The author is convinced that the pupil gains moral and spiritual values only through experience. He states that "the values which people understand, accept, and act upon become a part of their personalities through the medium of life experiences." This particular approach does run the danger of placing too much stress on method at the expense of content. We would hope that the teacher would not spend an undue amount of time planning object lessons to the detriment of the essential task of the school, which is to teach the essentials. Perhaps the movement suffers most from its almost token emphasis on the person of the teacher. The teacher's approach to himself, to his teaching, and to his pupils may say as much to the pupil about values as any collection of special projects.

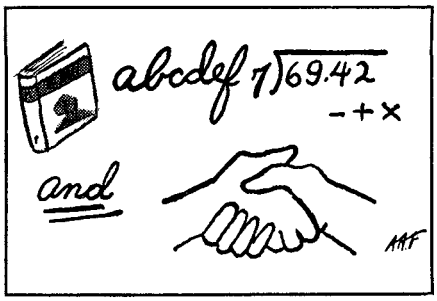
Fortunately, the author does not indulge in the usual sociological and educational gobbledygook. It is straightforward writing, even though one wishes the material had been organized better and the belabored repetition avoided. There is too much chronological detail of the movement itself and too little concise description of its lesson for other schools.

Despite these handicaps, "Moral Values in Public Education" serves the badly needed function of channeling the "orbiting and beeping" about education into practical terms. It is true that the public schools cannot escape an emphasis on values; the schools and their pupils do not exist in a vacuum. Pure objectivity is impossible, so we must decide the limits of what we may as well admit is indoctrination. This book has one answer.

Any book reviewed by SATURDAY REVIEW is available at the bookstore price, postage prepaid anywhere in the world from THE BOOKMAILER, Box 101, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N.Y.

Cable address: BOOKMAILER
"The Complete Bookstore-by-Mail"

VI. A Philosophy



***"Education and Human Relations," by Ashley Montagu** (Grove Press. 191 pp. $1.45), suggests that a fourth R—Right Human Relations—be added to the traditional three. Glenn A. Olds, of Cornell University, who will shortly become president of Springfield (Mass.) College, considers Dr. Montagu's thesis for us.*

By Glenn A. Olds

NEARLY forty years have passed since George Bernard Shaw made the trenchant remark that "civilization is education's race with disaster." His remark was cast in the shock to the liberal conscience of World War I, and the confident hope that a sufficiency of education could spare the world from another such disaster.

The swift events of subsequent years have deepened his prophecy, and disclosed its ambiguity. It is now reasonably clear that knowledge is not necessarily virtue, and that one of the most highly "educated" nations of all time, Nazi Germany, was far from an ally of civilization. Mastery of the three R's, the tools of communication, and the skills of science but extended man's powers without modifying his basic nature, outlook, or human relationships. The educated competence became a threat to human character and community. In short, civilization requires a different kind of education to survive, one that humanizes rather than mechanizes man, and one that universalizes rather than nationalizes community. Professor Montagu understands this with perspective and power. He has the passion of Shaw's prophecy, and in a deeper sense, understands its ambiguity.

This little volume underlines in deep red pencil a theme common to all Professor Montagu's writing, the urgent necessity of a fourth R in education—Right Human Relations—to rescue civilization from disaster. These essays, appearing separately and in other form, are brought together to highlight from different perspectives, this central concern. They represent the product, not the process, of research and argument set forth in rich detail in other volumes.

Dr. Montagu is tough-minded for a prophet of love. He is not content with pious poetry. What a man is born *for* is rooted in what he is born *as*, and Dr. Montagu is confident that a solid scientific study of human nature is the essential groundwork for education in the art of right human relations. The hard facts of life, he is confident, sustain his thesis that the measure and motive for this "art" is man's capacity to love and his need to be loved. This, for him, is the law of life, and not the jungle fiction of tooth and claw. It releases man's "imprisoned splendor"; its denial or repression is the clue to hostility and aggression and not some form of innate "sinfulness." It is the clue to man's freedom, the fountain of his responsibility and dignity, and the true condition and process of authentic learning.

But Dr. Montagu does not leave the reader with exhortation only. He punctuates his thought with practical programs for reform suggested in chapter theme and treatment. Like every prophet, however, he speaks most persuasively in what he affirms and not in what he denies. The careful critic will be apprehensive about his ready dismissal of the classical and Biblical view of sin, or of his easy confidence that scientific knowledge can effect moral transformation. The critic will agree that education can change human nature, but will have less confidence that this can ever expel a curious ambiguity at the heart of life, disclosed in human tragedy or greatness. He will be suspicious that human relations require another relation in height and depth to fulfill both the promise and power of love. But, with whatever qualification, neither critic nor casual reader will put down this little book with an easy conscience or a deaf ear to Shaw's prophecy. He will be awakened to hear the running sound of history and the fate of education in failing to set men free to love and to work.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1, 5, 7, 8, 11, 12, 13 are by Shakespeare. Sources: 1. "King Henry V," 4, iv. 2. Song of Solomon iv, 16. 3 Proverbs xviii, 21. 5. "Love's Labour's Lost," v, 2. 6. Proverbs xviii, 24. 7. "Romeo and Juliet," ii, 3. 8. "Comedy of Errors," iii, 1. 9. Song, viii, 6. 10. Proverbs, xvi, 31. 11. "Merchant of Venice," v, 1. 12. "As You Like It," ii, 1. 13. "Tempest," iii, 2 14. Proverbs, xv, 15.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction

Continued from page 17

that the episode involving baby Jean I and baby Jean de Cressay might have had some assists from M. Druon. It is just that the book is more concerned with incident than exposition, and that the incidents have excitement and pace.

It has a new hero, too. As the Count of Poitiers, Philip V—also known as Philip the Tall and Philip the Nearsighted—has appeared in all of the first three novels, but always in a subordinate role. Now he steps to the front of the stage, and gives France again an effective, if calculating king. It is refreshing after the weak, incomplete Louis the Self-Willed, whose portrayal in "The Strangled Queen" and "The Poisoned Crown" was done ably, but who was not a sympathetic character to read about.

"The Royal Succession" is, of course, much more than a pen-and-ink drawing of the long-legged and stooping ruler. Almost all of the old characters appear again and are convincingly developed, and the French monarchy moves so inevitably toward the ruin from which it was only rescued by Joan of Arc that we all eagerly await the next chapter and hope it will be forthcoming soon.

God and the Gammons

***"The Libation," by Edmund Keeley** (Scribners. 310 pp. $3.95), is a contemporary narrative set in Salonika that reflects the classical elements of traditional Greek tragedy.*

By Maxwell Geismar

EDMUND KEELEY is an assistant professor in the English Department at Princeton who was born in Syria and has lived in Greece. He is also a Greek scholar, and his first novel reflects the varied strains in his own life. It is not, to the present reviewer, a very effective novel of character or feeling; but it is a well-written and rather skilful tale of atmosphere and suspense.

Mr. Keeley brings over the Faulknerian tone and methods to the rituals of primitive-pagan existence in Salonika. Thomas Gammon, an American missionary, has moved there in 1923, has acquired property and become wealthy through the fur trade, and has died mysteriously on a hunting trip. After the Second World War, his son, Timothy, returns home to inherit the ancestral property, to meet his childhood sweetheart, Helen, and to learn the truth about his father and himself.

Achilles and Cassandra are natives of the town who have shared in Thomas Gammon's business career and domestic existence, and who knew his secrets. There are overtones of the myths in this chronicle, and the new Helen of Salonika is also a vision of sexual enchantment. There is a deaf-mute idiot called Armenian, who, like Faulkner's Benjy, has witnessed the whole drama from a private world of fear and terror.

Well, what is it all about? The action opens with Timothy's return in 1950, and his rather adolescent physical infatuation with Helen. (They have had a mysterious, and perhaps obscene sexual bond in the past.) The story then skips back to Thomas Gammon's arrival in the Greek town,

The last written work by the greatest mathematician of our time

John von Neumann's

THE COMPUTER AND THE BRAIN

From his study of the analogies between computing machines and the living human brain, John von Neumann concludes that the brain operates in part digitally and in part analogically — but that it uses a peculiar statistical language *unlike* that employed in the operation of man-made computers. **$3.00**

A CRACKLING OF THORNS

by John Hollander

with a Foreword by W. H. Auden

"One has the impression," W. H. Auden writes of the inhabitants of these poems, "that, on returning from a walk, they could tell one more of what they had worried about than of what they had seen. But, after all, why shouldn't they? Parnassus is a free country. Besides, when the worrier does manage to look at something, he may see what the naturalist would miss." Yale Series of Younger Poets, Volume 54. **$3.00**

ESP AND PERSONALITY PATTERNS

by Gertrude Raffel Schmeidler and R. A. McConnell

A report by a psychologist and a physicist, based on nine years of experimental research, that points to important new conclusions concerning the relationship between extrasensory perception and the attitude and personality characteristics of the subject. **$4.00**

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF AMERICAN ADVERTISING

by Otis Pease

A revealing analysis of the concept of public responsibility prevailing in the advertising industry between 1920 and 1940, the challenges that were put to it, and the means by which they were overcome. **$5.00**

at your bookseller

Yale UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW HAVEN CONN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and gradually moves up to the present again through various key episodes in 1926-1928, 1939, and 1942. Mr. Keeley keeps the contemporary narrative going while he reconstructs the past through the different central characters. The father, a mystic preacher turned provincial entrepreneur, has been overcome with religious and puritanical guilt for his insatiable lust of flesh.

He has seduced and lived with Cassandra, while the cynical Greek peasant Achilles has accepted the arrangement for his own purposes. Timothy is actually Cassandra's son, as we suspect very early in the novel, while Helen is presumably the daughter of Cassandra and Achilles. This ill-starred romance has a background of incest and murder, which is slowly made clear to us. Both the elder Gammon and his "partner" Achilles are fairly convincing, if somewhat literary portraits. Yet the central triangle of the son, Timothy, the daughter, Helen, the mother, Cassandra, which is intended to contain the classical elements of Greek tragedy, never achieves the dimensions of reality. Both the historical background of the novel and its rural atmosphere are done rather well. But we are left with a polished narrative which we read, mainly, to fill out the missing elements of a literary puzzle.

BLOSSOM FROM THE EAST: In **"Lover's Point"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.75) C. Y. Lee, the author of "The Flower Drum Song," again explores a world little known to Americans. His central character is a displaced Chinese, Chiang Fu, an instructor of Mandarin in Monterey, California, where, in order to save money to send for his wife and children in Communist China, he rents a seven-dollar-a-month garage to live in. The rest of his life is equally circumscribed. In his loneliness he is picked up by a beautiful Japanese waitress, an ex-geisha from Japan, a girl as lost as himself. At the same time that he hears that his wife in China had divorced him, he finds he is falling in love with the waitress. She is also courted by a handsome American Army lieutenant, who sees in her what he wants to see: a pure, idealized blossom from the East. Aika, however, disillusioned by a bad marriage, is a "sideline girl." Feeling only friendship for Chiang, she goes to bed with him for money. Loving Larson, the American, she flees from him, afraid of involvement and further wounds.

How Chiang Fu's life remains inextricably involved with Aika's makes up the rest of this novel. More interesting than the bald fortuitousness of the plot, however, are the small, matter-of-fact revelations Mr. Lee gives aspects of the lives of Chinese living in this country today. The portrait of the wealthy Chinese merchant who imports a wife from Hong Kong the contrast between the ways of his old-fashioned mother—though she lives in the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown—and that of his young nephew's exaggerated Americanism are true to life and drawn with no attempt to explain or justify.

—DIANA CHANG.

PERILOUS JOURNEY: We know that the Greek philosopher Aristotle once told Alexander the Great that he would love to study in the flesh what to him was a legendary animal, namely an elephant. L. Sprague de Camp assumes that Alexander delivered **"An Elephant for Aristotle"** (Doubleday, $3.95), spinning a hilarious adventure yarn that stretches from ancient India to Greece. Aside from negotiating some 4,000 miles of difficult desert and mountain routes, troop commander Leon cf Atrax fends off robber bands, quells a mutiny, coaxes a reluctant elephant into submission by means of melons, and pays court to a high-born Persian girl. Leon is a comic hero who blunders his way to success with a javelin and a lilting Scotch dialect which de Camp passes off as Thessalian colloquialism. There are many skittish touches in the novel to show that although centuries separate us from the ancients, men are alike. Underneath the continuous fun and mayhem, de Camp's novel has a solid core of research, which is entertainingly popularized.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 778

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 778 will be found in the next issue.

ZXDI H VXYIW YU ISV

ZSKVX SMDKESYIW,

ADHMD YV HASID.

—XDIKO U. XHUBYIU.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 777

What a man needs in gardening is a cast-iron back, with a hinge in it. —C. D. WARNER.

Literary Horizons

Continued from page 12

havior, and it is pleasant to recall that people were shocked by the petting parties in "This Side of Paradise." On the other hand, Amory and his friends devote a considerable proportion of their time to thinking and talking about sex. Perhaps Mr. Frede's dean is right in thinking that all generations are pretty much alike.

Rereading the Fitzgerald book is more illuminating on the literary than on the pedagogical side. How naïve and yet how fresh and vital it is! Page after page would make Frede and Gutwillig blush if they had written them, and probably Fitzgerald blushed over some of them in his later years. But there never was another novel of college life like "This Side of Paradise." There had been Owen Johnson's "Stover at Yale," to which Fitzgerald admitted a debt, but Johnson had observed the proprieties whereas Fitzgerald was a pioneer of emancipation. He was out to tell all, and for him college had been many kinds of experience. The sentimentality of the loyal undergraduate, the desire to be a big man on campus, the quest for sophistication, his loves, his discoveries, his rebellions—he poured them all into the book. He wrote, in short, without thinking about Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise," and no one since 1920 has been able to do that.

There have not been many good novels of undergraduate life. I recall with affection Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Beginning of Wisdom," published the year after "This Side of Paradise," but I have not reread it. From the Thirties I recall a good novel about Harvard, "Not to Eat, Not for Love," by George Weller, and a few years ago Wright Morris recaptured the mood of the post-Fitzgerald era in "The Huge Season." There have been in recent years pointed novels about college teachers—particularly Mary McCarthy's "The Groves of Academe" and Randall Jarrell's "Pictures from an Institution"—but not much about college students that comes quickly to mind. Frede seems to me to have made a significant contribution to the genre, and Gutwillig's novel is, as I have already said, a good try.

As for the barbarism reflected in both novels, it is perhaps sufficient to observe that good students don't make good subjects. In each generation the "influentially divergent" group attracts attention, and probably deserves it. But the process of education does, after a fashion, go on.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One Way to Spell Man

Continued from page 11

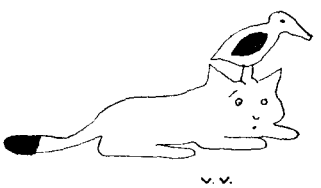
a part of the human mixture, to be ignored at the observer's peril; and that they are not only a vital part of human life but a part of the means of full communication, an indispensable instrument of understanding. Anyone who would look upon them as merely "unformed ideas" would be capable of asking Frank O'Connor to build a story out of blocks.

Finally, far from yearning toward a semantically aseptic language, a writer who is also an artist must make use of all the cultural moss that words gather, all the suggestive coloration and patina of language. He does indeed, in this sense, "exploit ambiguity," but that phrase itself is a sample of how difficult it is to force language toward absolute precision. Look at the word "exploits," with its hint of scorn, its suggestion of the pejorative. It comes, by way of Old French, from the past participle of the Latin verb "explicare," to unfold or display. It has come a long way from its origins, and on its way it has acquired beyond erasure the smudge of baseness, bad motives, opportunism. It is not a word for a semantic positivist to use against poetry unless he is willing to use poetry's own methods.

It is precisely the patina of language that gives an artist in words his power and his subtlety. He would as soon think of cutting bread with a sunbeam as try to use language with the precision of mathematics. He is after a much more complex, much more subtle kind of precision, if it can be called precision at all. The right word may be located by its sound, or by some flicker of momentary association, quite as often as by its denotative accuracy; and it does not exist in itself, a single thing, a single meaning; it exists in total entanglement with other words, with truth by evocation and response. It assumes the view that emotions are a tone and a style, in adjustment to situation and character and mood. Words used poetically are a medium as fluid as water colors, and some of the best effects may seem accidental even to the man who creates them. He does not have to know, with his conscious mind, exactly what he is doing. He is fishing in obscure depths, he is a dealer in mysteries, a witch doctor not always easy with the forces he evokes but acutely aware of them while they are present.

Put another way, literature is a game played between writer and reader, both of whom must be products of essentially similar cultures and traditions. In the jargon of behavioral science, literature is inevitably, even triumphantly, culture-bound. It is not verifiable knowledge: its tests are recognition and concurrence; in Anatole France's phrase, "Time alone makes masterpieces." But if literature is not "knowledge" in the scientific sense, it is a clarified, ordered, selected, and purified model of life, complete with the values that life evolves and preserving even the distressingly-awkward variables. It is built on a framework of symbolic conventions, but it is the farthest thing from arbitrary, even when it experiments or revolts.

André Malraux has asserted, in the teeth of romantic doctrine, that art is learned not from Nature but from other artists, and to the extent that all art develops conventional symbols he cannot be argued with. Even what we think of as self-evident in any art tradition is likely to be the product of the long shared-and-communicated learning that distinguishes man from all other animals. To take an example from painting, the mere fact of representation in two dimensions has to be learned. People of some tribes, I have read, are unable to recognize photographs of themselves. And I have put a dog to watch Disney's "The African Lion" on television and elicited only yawns. He can be scared out of his feeble wits by coming unexpectedly upon a stuffed dog, but the television lions do not scare him. They are only flickers of light. He hasn't learned the first principle of representational art.



But if art is in good part tradition, its truths, being linked with response, are the kind that will vary in kind or intensity with different responders. More than that, the most extreme rebellions by artists against their traditions are both possible and desirable. Picasso's violences against perspective, like Schoenberg's against key signatures and Faulkner's against syntax, are as radical as if in medicine some research doctor had declared against the germ theory of disease, and yet they are vital, healthy, and necessary: they assert the fullest freedom to question experience in any terms.

Any work of art is the product of a total human being commenting with his total understanding on experiences that with luck may become symbolically representative of larger experience, even of all experience. In literature, success is by no means a matter of mere verbal felicity: "The gift of words," said Conrad, who fortunately had it, "is no such great matter; a man is not made a hunter or a warrior by the mere possession of a firearm." And it cannot be said too often that there is no single explanation for a poem or story or novel, nor is explanation necessarily understanding, nor is understanding necessarily enjoyment. The simple necessities of pedagogy or a mistaken avidity for "ideas" may lead teachers and critics to confuse analysis with understanding. But what is vital is the aesthetic experience, never quite communicable, a collaborative act; and I can think of no better expression of what is involved in it than Conrad's preface, well-known but not well-known enough, to "The Nigger of the Narcissus": The artist, he says, unlike the thinker and scientist, does not speak "authoritatively to our common sense and our intelligence." Instead,

> . . . confronted by the same enigmatical spectacle the artist descends within himself and in that lonely region of stress and strife, if he be deserving and fortunate, he finds the terms of his appeal. His appeal is made to our less obvious capacities: to that part of our nature which, because of the warlike conditions of existence, is necessarily kept out of sight within the more resisting and hard qualities—like the vulnerable body within a steel armour. His appeal is less loud, more profound, less distinct, more stirring —and sooner forgotten. Yet its effect endures forever. The changing wisdom of successive generations discards ideas, questions facts, demolishes theories. But the artist appeals to that part of our being which is not dependent on wisdom; to that in us which is a gift and not an acquisition—and, therefore, more permanently enduring. He speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives; to our sense of pity, and beauty, and pain; to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation—and to the subtle but invincible conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts, to the solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity—the dead to the living and the living to the unborn.

It is that which we respond to in the arts—that spark which, as Eliot says, can leap twenty-five hundred years; the recognition of fellow-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

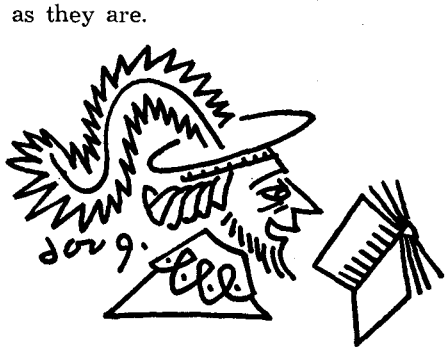
humanity which art gives us more plainly than life generally does, the "profound thought in a constant state of becoming," which "adopts the experience of a life and assumes its shape." And if we are ever tempted to write or read by the rules of the quantitative method, if we ever approach literature as if it were "subject matter," we would do well to remind ourselves that the love and appreciation of literature come by exposure, by a meeting, not through paraphrase or explication. We could do worse than quote Conrad again, speaking for the single, simple, and all-important thing that he knew he must do as an artist:

> My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you *see*. That—and no more—and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find there according to your deserts: encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand—and perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask.

It is art's trick to approach experience through the senses and to create a little world. This is perhaps to spell man by the flashcard method rather than by analytic syllabification. Or perhaps it isn't a way to *spell* man at all. Perhaps it is a way of greeting him, an act of presentation and recognition.

It would be the wildest folly to think of reducing art to the laws and the orderlinesses that are the ideal and monumental strength of science. Only a philistine would even attempt it. For art reduced to law and order is only cliché; and it cannot be predicted because it cannot be born until it *is* born. Creation, says Ezra Pound, is what has not yet found its way into language—into any language.

But once said, once created, it speaks truth to us. Literature, alive, gets its strength from the sense it communicates of intimate acquaintance and fellowship, from our acknowledgment, in response to the work of art's illumination, of things as they are.



CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion: 45¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 37¢ per word; 26 times 39¢ per word; 13 times 41¢ per word; 6 times 43¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE: Professional typing. 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, marketing. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

FOYLES FAMOUS BOOKSHOP. New, secondhand, rare and out-of-print books on all subjects. Stock of over three million volumes. One of England's biggest collections of fine bindings. 119-125 Charing Cross Road, London WC-2, England.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscript. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 36.

SUPERIOR TYPING—Books, Plays, Etc. LEAHEYS, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

HAVE YOU A PROBLEM MANUSCRIPT? Successful author will help you. Terms. Box E-60.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Ave. (at 79th St.), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

PRIVATE EDITION PRINTERS: Novels, histories, poetry. Quality at thrifty prices. No obligation for estimates. Rickard, 30 Prince St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NATIONALLY RECOGNIZED writers organization accepting new members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

OUR book and booklet production-distribution program features author-ownership. 70% royalties. FREE FOLDER. William-Frederick Press, 391 East 149 St., NYC 55.

ELSIE AUGENBLICK — Manuscript Typing; Books, Plays. 342 Madison, MUrray Hill 7-0492, MUrray Hill 9-8132.

AAA MIMEOGRAPHERS: Offset printing; mimeographing, meticulous typing; 170 Broadway. BArclay 7-7166 (NYC).

EDITING, TYPING, ALL FORMS of manuscripts—Theses, Books, Plays. GHOSTWRITING speeches, et al. All subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 10 East 43 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5159.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES — Millions of back issues, thousand titles. Try us. "Back Number" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

FRENCH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1007 Times Tower, New York 36.

SPAIN'S TOP MAGAZINES, 3 samples $1. Books, catalogues. Roig, 576 Sixth Avenue, NYC.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

OUT-OF-PRINT

TRAINED BOOK DETECTIVES—Active searchers. Success is a habit with us. We can find quickly and economically almost any book you need. No search charge. Send to BOOKLAND, U.S.A., P. O. Box 746, Dept. C, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low. Fast service. Try us—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

BOOKS

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 1-S, Wantagh, N. Y.

SOCIALIST BOOKS. Catalogue, literature, FREE. NEW YORK LABOR NEWS COMPANY, Dept. C, 61 Cliff St., NYC 38.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

FREE: Catalog "Best Books for CHILDREN"—Box 12, Newton 59, Massachusetts.

FOR SALE: "From a Far Eastern Diary"—Japan 1922-1930. $2.25 plus postage. Box E-706.

ART

MOONING FOR MATISSE? For connoisseurs: "Original Prints and Drawings of Modern Masters." Catalogue, 110 illustrations—$1. DEITSCH, 51 East 73 St., NYC 21.

ART SLIDES from World Museums. Send $1 for three 2 x 2 color slides and catalogues. ARTCO, Box 455S, Van Nuys, California.

CONTEMPORARY ORIGINAL PRINTS in limited editions by leading American, European and Japanese artists offered by non-profit membership organization. Write for application form, free bulletin. INTERNATIONAL GRAPHIC ARTS SOCIETY, 65 West 56 St., NYC.

FRIENDLY little Art School in quaint TAXCO. Individual instruction. Inexpensive living and tuition. Bilingual teachers. TAXCO SCHOOL OF ART, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

ORIGINAL, SIGNED, COLORFUL lithographs, important moderns. Below metropolitan prices ($15-25). HUnter 2-7590. SCarsdale 5-2584.

MARY CASSATT, Portrait of a Young Girl. Original lithograph, signed in the plate. F.A.R. Gallery, 746 Madison Avenue, NYC 21.

CONTEMPORARY PAINTING, sculpture and minor arts, for consignment, sales and shows. Small Cincinnati workshop-gallery. Box E-728.

RECORD MART

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free list. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, P.O. Box 155, Verona, New Jersey.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss imports, also Dolmetsch, Purcell and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering), $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods, contrabass recorders, spinets, harpsichords. Free catalogue 3-85D. HARGAIL, 147 West 57 St., NYC.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—scores of beautiful designs. Address Bookplates, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

PERSONALS

EUROPE. Have car, want female company in 20's. Box E-732.

TYPIST, rapid, accurate manuscripts. Mail order, et al. TRafalgar 4-5817.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Ask for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Charles R. Hamilton Autographs, Inc., 515 Madison Ave., NYC 22. ELdorado 5-3464.

WISH EXCHANGE—$49,500 really charming house on two plus acres in Stamford—for 3 or more bedroom house or ground-floor apartment with back garden in Manhattan. Box E-711.

WANTED: Experienced spinner of yarns for girls 8-12, to help develop imaginary toy world. Fine far-reaching commercial possibilities. Box E-710.

CHARMING COLLECTION rattan and wicker beach bags and shoppers. Other interesting decorative gifts. Send for free catalogue. Round the World Basket Gift Shop, 444 Third Avenue (31st) NYC. MUrray Hill 4-5596.

YOU CAN FIND OUT! Confidential information developed, any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Officially licensed. Established 1922. Equitable Service Bureau, 15 Maiden Lane, NYC.

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, interesting method. LExington 2-4769 (NYC).

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95, includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

LIBRARIAN needed at Episcopal church boarding school for girls in Virginia. Beautiful setting, new equipment, fair salary, comfortable living provided. Good annual appropriation for books. Delightful companionship. Mild climate. Box E-636.

YOUR CARICATURE excitingly captured by professional artist. 8x11. Send two snapshots (returned). Satisfaction guaranteed. $2.00. KOKES ART STUDIO, 7616 Davis Circle, Dept. A, Omaha 14, Nebraska.

WOMAN, with M.A. in English, romance languages, desires full-time employment as research, editorial assistant, translator, reader. Box E-488.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. Lists for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

25th WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains. July 21 to August 8, Outstanding staff, including Margaret Coit, Andrew Lytle, Rolfe Humphries, William Peden, Ellen Lewis Buell, Harry Muheim, J. H. Rush and Alan Swallow. Write Margaret Robb, Director, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondences or single items bought and sold. Established 1947. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

[illegible] ERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA June graduate, 21, [illegible]oring in International Relations and Music desires stimulating and creative summer or permanent job either in the U.S. or abroad. Box E-667.

HERALDIC PLAQUES, parchment paintings. 200,000 Arms, all nationalities. FREE brochure. HERALDIC PUBLISHING, 104 East 40, NYC 16.

CATALOGUER, experienced in college and university libraries, would like change of position September 1, in East or Mid-West library using Dewey classification. Box E-643.

INTELLIGENT YOUNG MAN, 33, AB, third year, Hebrew Union College, seeks suitable summer employment in Chicago area. Box E-689.

TWO SISTERS, professionals, will share with business woman or retired—rural surburban home, Bucks County, Pennsylvania (near Trenton). July first. References. Also small furnished apartment private. Box E-688.

YOUNG UNPUBLISHED WRITER. B.S. degree, seeking position in the journalistic or publishing field in the USA or abroad. Box E-693.

PERSONALS

AS A MEMBER of the late F. Mathias Alexander's first training course for teachers, I am writing a comprehensive book on his life and work. Anyone having letters from him and willing to have them quoted, please mail to one thirty six (136) East 67 St., NYC. Letters returned promptly. Lulie Westfeldt.

YOUNG WOMAN, liberal arts education, desires proofreading (member, I.T.U.), editing or allied work. Prefer Philadelphia but will cogitate all offers, including travel abroad. Box E-685.

SAVE-A-CAT-LEAGUE Meeting, Wednesday, May 28. 7:30 PM, Hotel Shelton. 49 and Lexington, NYC.

I AM PREPARING AN ILLUSTRATED VOLUME on the painter-musician WALTER SPIES (1895-1942) who lived in Bali. Would anyone possessing paintings by this artist, or letters or photos, please write to Hans Rhodius, Amsterdam, Keizersgracht 119. As first replies have been lost, kindly answer again.

HARVARD COLLEGE Honors Jr., tutor all high school or grade school subjects. Experienced. New York City or Westchester. Available June thru August. Box E-736.

WANTED: Manufacturer interested in new patent No. 2837098, combining fountain pen-nail file, pocket comb-nail file. Box E-709.

BACHELOR, middle aged, contemplating motor trip Europe—September, October. Interested party share driving and expenses. Box E-713.

MALE COLLEGE SENIOR, 22, excellent driver, character references, will chauffeur and assist party traveling in Europe in exchange for transportation and expenses. Box E-715.

HUMAN, MALE, 25, mathematics teacher, psychology masters, bored, broke. Have summer, will travel. Box E-716.

COLLEGE STUDENT desires governess position family touring outside USA. Experienced: child care, swimming instructing, nurses' aid. References. Box E-718.

RECREATION WORKER, male, experienced, skills: drama, art, children, teenagers. Seeks challenging position. Box E-719.

MAN, intelligent, middle-aged with own interests and/or occupation to reside with gentleman. Drive. Suburbs, Philadelphia. References. May-October. Box E-722.

WANTED: Volume VIII Part I (Q and R) of Oxford Dictionary, 1909. Will buy, or exchange for Volume VII (O and P) Part I. Box E-707.

INTELLIGENT YOUNG WOMAN—three years brilliant teaching—potential literary genius—desires to display same. Available September. Box E-656.

PRINCETON GRADUATE, veteran, 30, married, desires change from business to coaching-teaching position in prep school. Box E-632.

EXPERIENCED NEWSMAN will be living in Holland; seeks assignments. Box E-694.

YALE GRADUATE STUDENT, comparative literature, urbane, wants preferably non-urban summer job. Experience as tutor, secretary, collaborating writer. Box E-696.

IMAGINATIVE, talented, professionally trained young woman seeks employment utilizing skills in working with people. Any field. Manhattan preferred. Available August. Box E-697.

"FOREIGN JOB OPPORTUNITIES." Excellent professional, teaching, clerical; Europe, South America, etc. 200 job classifications, 100 firms, government now hiring (Male, Female). $1. (Refundable). OTIS PUBLICATIONS, Box 21S, Alden Manor, Elmont, N. Y.

SINE QUA NON of masculine shoe elegance—LEATHER LACINGS imported from Britain, black or brown, 3 pairs $1. Readers Service Bureau, Box 378 Astor Station, Boston, Massachusetts.

ART TEACHER—M.F.A.—five years experience—desires college position. Box E-379.

HERALDIC WOODCARVING — Arms individually sculptured, polychromed—L. H. Sellers, Radnor, Pa.

PERSONALS

KNOWN ADVENTURER and world traveller, has written unusual biography. Publisher interested but requires revisions collaborator needed on partnership basis. Box E-703.

WANTED: Persons with extrasensory-clairvoyant powers for new television series. Prizes. Write background briefly and mail to Box E-702.

Learn "BY EAR" with Dormiphone. Amazing new scientific invention works for you by "repetitive-impact" while you relax. Revolutionary Dormiphonic tools give you a shortcut to learning languages, correct speech; relaxation, habit training; superior entertainment. Unique clock-controlled recorder-play back uses tangle-proof cartridges. Saves time, effort. So simple, children benefit. Used by educators, psychologists, people everywhere. Write today for fascinating FREE Book. No obligation. Modernophone, Inc., 322-058 Radio City, New York 20.

HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, CLAVICHORDS, by Neupert. Finest, oldest maker. Very reasonable. Free catalogue. Magnamusic, Sharon, Connecticut.

MALE, 44, L.L.B.; experienced newspaper editorial, promotional, PR, theatrical fields; bookstore owner-manager (9 years), seeks position established publishing or related business NYC in editorial or executive capacity. Address PHEF, 57 W. 45 St., NYC 36.

FRASER-ROSS. Information wanted concerning son and daughter (married Ross) of Donald Fraser and Catherine Cameron of Johnstown, New York who went to Canada with Sir John Johnson during Revolution. Box E-704.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CROTON-ON-HUDSON vicinity. 35 miles from N.Y.C. 10 year Cape Cod. 5 rooms, 2 bedrooms, oil heat, combination storm/screen, garage. Scenic acre, lake rights, low taxes, 4% mortgage. $17,990. Box E-683.

VIRGINIA, Eastern Shore. Ideal retirement property. 18 acres. ½ mile of desirable waterfront. 6 room modernized country home. New 3 room cottage and poultry buildings. 8 acres valuable timber. Oyster ground, boat landing in sheltered cove. Arthur Fuller, RI, Exmore, Va.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent

SECLUDED SIX-ROOM private home, two hours from New York. Box D-614. BUckminster 7-5948. (NYC).

For Sale

SEA CAPTAIN'S 8-room house overlooking Chatham, Mass. Quiet, accessible, electric kitchen, 4 fireplaces, full cellar, insulated attic. $45,000. Owner, 57 Rowayton Avenue, Rowayton, Connecticut.

CHARMING HOUSE OVERLOOKING BAY. 30 minutes midtown Manhattan. Beechurst, L.I. 8 rooms, including studio. 3 baths, large semi-secluded lot. $42,500. Agent, INdependence 1-0703 (NY). Box 454.

LAKE-FRONT, woods, brook, isolated modern cabin, 2 hours NYC, $5,000. Box E-726.

NORTH SHORE, right on water, Douglaston. Authentic Georgian center hall Colonial. All brick. Big northlight studio. 4 large bedrooms, 3 baths, 2 lavatories, 2 maids, library, modern kitchen, 2 heated porches. Super playroom, bar, workshop. Attached double garage, concrete drive, oil heat, beautiful landscaped corner. Unusually fine community. Private club, sailing, swimming, tennis. 25 minute commute. House in perfect condition. $59,500. Owner BAyside 9-6503.

For Summer Rental

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.—1½ room lakeside cabins, sleep 4. Family appeal. Horses, swimming, boating. Folder: FENIMORE, 240 East 20 St., NYC 3.

CHARMING MAINE FARMHOUSE, five bedrooms, two baths, furnace, two fireplaces, near Southwest Harbor, Mount Desert close to lake and Blue Hill Bay. $600 June thru September. Will consider sale. Box E-622.

(Continued on page 46)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

(Continued from page 45)

LAKE BOMOSEEN, VERMONT, modern house, cottage. Bridgerood Farm, LExington 2-2663, NYC.

"OR SALE." Four room furnished chalet amid pines, Ashfield lake, Massachusetts. Box E-675.

FURNISHED COTTAGE. Ohio horse breeding farm. $20 weekly. Box E-690.

TODAY'S PLUMBING, crusade setting, trout fishing. Loire nearby. Pontot, Vezelay (Yonne), France.

SOUTHERN VERMONT hill farmhouse, comfortably modernized, completely equipped. 4 bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, attic, dormitory, playroom. Swimming near. Accessible seclusion. Monthly $200, season $500. Box 21, East Jamaica, Vermont.

YORK HARBOR MAINE. Eight-room cottage. Summer. Particulars. Box 277.

AUTHOR'S STUDIO CAPE COD COTTAGE, one bedroom, electric, short-drive-beach, golf course. Playhouse, cultured neighborhood. $60 weekly. Box E-700.

UNUSUAL SUMMER RENTAL, intelligent private community program; easy commuting NYC; Level, glassed, compact, modern; Suitable family: Spacious terraces; Excellent day camp; Sports; Lake. $1,200. TRafalgar 4-3240.

COLORADO SPRINGS: 2 bedroom house; $100 monthly. McCue, Colorado College.

BERKSHIRE FOOTHILLS, NEW YORK. Attractive, spacious cottage. Secluded. $450. Long season. Box E-730.

STOWE, VERMONT, Route 100. Furnished, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, modern kitchen. Panoramic view Mt. Mansfield. Season $600. E. G. Mercier, R.F.D. 4, Ridgefield, Connecticut.

TWO GUEST HOUSES at one of Tidewater Virginia's showplaces. Housekeeping facilities, air-conditioning, swimming pool, fishing and hunting in season. Preference given reservation requests with references. Willow Hill Plantation, Spring Grove, Virginia.

APARTMENTS FOR SUBLET

1½ ROOMS, July-October. 72 Street, Reasonable. Box E-691.

TRAVEL

WRITERS! *Enchanting Bermuda vacations. Stimulating* Professional Instruction. AFTA, Doylestown, Pa.

CRUISE ABOARD YOUR OWN YACHT. Refreshing summer trade wind climate, cool and calm. Windward and Leeward Islands. Well appointed vessels. Write airmail for details. Commander Vernon Nicholson, Box 103, Antigua, B.W.I.

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. Ride the skyline trails, see beautiful Maligne Lake. Excellent fishing, photos, scenery. Fully planned trail trips. L. C. Jeck, Box 427, Jasper, Alberta, Canada.

PACK TRIPS June through August in Wyoming's magnificent Dinwoody wilderness. Excellent fishing for Brook, Rainbow, Native and California Golden trout in remote lakes and mountain streams. CAMERA HUNT elk, moose, bear, deer, mountain sheep. Area also geologically interesting. Gentle, sure-footed saddle horses, first class equipment, tents, meals. Experienced guides. Write: Carl Riley, Crowheart, Wyoming.

VACATIONS

MUSIC INN AT LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS. Close to Tanglewood and George Shearing. Adjacent to Music Barn and Ludwig von Beethoven. Swimming, boating, bicycling, tennis, and the sound of silence, too. Write Stephanie Barber.

SPRING THRIFT VACATIONS on farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrrain 8-0700 (NYC).

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

VACATIONS

UNIQUE HIDEAWAY RESORT in deep woods directly on a sparkling lake. Ideal vacation spot for lovers of water and other sports, hiking, fine music, good food, true relaxation. Rustic Lodge, cottages and cabins. May 29-October 12. Ever experience a Berkshire spring—laurel, ferns, nesting birds, wildflowers, utter peace? Try a week or weekend at our pre-season rates to June 21. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Mass. Folder S.

TUILAUVENT, Maple Road, Brewster, N. Y. 9-8106. Friendly, informal home atmosphere. No planned activities. Relaxation, reading, painting, in beautiful countryside, 50 miles from N. Y. Ideal for weekends and vacations. Open all year. Attractive, sunny rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

CRESTMONT INN. Enjoy a perfect family vacation in scenic Alleghenies. Ranch-type cottages. Delicious meals. Water sports, riding, lawn bowling. Golf. tennis pros. Concerts. Tot, teen directors. Opens June 14. Write for folder K; W. T. Dickerson, Eagles Mere, Penna. Lakeview 5-3232.

MOUNT DESERT—Spend your holiday in charming house by the sea. Rooms and breakfast. June-October. Box E-602.

GARDEN GABLES, Lenox, Mass. Comfortable rooms. Extensive, restful grounds. Swimming pool. Gift Shop. Open all year. Folder.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. An ideal vacation spot in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2000 feet, midst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, congenial companions. Private swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quite Cape Cod seaport village. Beach, beautiful harbor view, shore drives. Summer theaters accessible. Rates from $10. A.P. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

PELICAN COVE—in unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, fishing, shelling, skindiving, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

MEXICO CITY VACATION—Weekly accommodations. Cultured home atmosphere. Reasonable rates. Isabel Carbajal's, Rio Amoy, 17, Mexico 5, D.F., Mexico.

SNOWVILLAGE LODGE, SNOWVILLE, N. H. Tel. Conway, HIckory 7-2818. The charming Swiss resort in the White Mountains. Nestled in pine woods 1,000 feet high. Own tennis. Swimming, fishing, boating. Excellent continental cuisine. Every room has private bath. AAA approved.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE CLIFF HOUSE, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit, Me. Enjoy our salt tanged breezes. Ocean on three sides. Quiet, informal. Cocktail Lounge. All sports. Reasonable rates with or without meals. Booklet. Maurice Weare, Manager. WElls 791.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lovell, Maine. Modern cabins, lake. American-Jewish Cuisine. Sports, beauty, HI-FI. $77 to $98 weekly. DEwey 9-5730 (NYC).

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, reading, discussion. For 1958 pamphlet write: Box 368, Damariscotta, Maine.

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N.Y. Charming resort estate. Concert trio. Sally Ray, folk, square, social dance leader. Crafts. All sports. Summer stock. CIrcle 6-6386 (NYC).

ADIRONDACK FAMILY RESORT on scenic wooded lake shore. Excellent swimming, canoeing, sailing, golf, tennis. Fine food. Booklet. WELD's on Lake Clear. Lake Clear, New York.

RANCH-CAMP for six boys, 12-16. Work, fish, hike. Box 12, Taos, New Mexico.

WOODHOLME LODGE on Seventh Lake in the ADIRONDACKS. Home cooked meals served family style. American plan. $50 to $58 per week—$8.50 to $10 per day. Write R. W. Keough, Box S 357, Inlet, N.Y.

VACATIONS

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, New York. Altitude 2,100 feet. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. "We didn't think there was a place left like this!" Cottages. Meals varied and best. The Tibbits.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Conn. Open all year.

WATERVILLE INN—A complete mountain resort in secluded Waterville Valley, surrounded by the White Mountain National Forest. For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. A comfortable Inn, private golf course, swimming pool, tennis court, miles of walking and climbing trails. Folder. Advance Reservations. Waterville Valley, Compton P. O., New Hampshire.

CIVILIZED BUT NOT COMMERCIALIZED—Peter Pan Lodge offers exquisite food, accommodations, and ocean panoramas for the cultured few. Carmel, California.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT. Cornwall Guest House. Brochure available. Breakfast only. Virginia Graham. HOpkins 2-2432.

OGUNQUIT. AAA. Beautiful grounds, gardens overlooking the ocean. Exceptional meals. Planned activities June to September. Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 21, Maine.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, Green Mountains, Manchester, Vermont. Charming Alpine chalet. Food for the discriminating. Rest for the weary. Inspiration for writers, artists. Folder.

OGUNQUIT. Famous Summer vacation center. Smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' Colony, Summer Theatre, Shopping Center, Deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Ogunquit Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

ROBBINS FARM—POCONOS—for sheer beauty—relaxation, luxurious comfort — modern housekeeping studios. Brochure. R. D. Saylorsburg, Pennsylvania.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species) seeking an "island in Time" and loving the inner peace of quiet forests, shores compass'd by the voiceful sea, stars for streetlights. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island, Maine (Ten miles at sea). Booklet D? Advance reservations necessary.

WINDY HILL, R.D. 1, WALDEN, N.Y. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Newburgh 1232.

INTERLAKEN INN. Unsurpassed swimming, "pitch and putt" golf, good company, wonderful things to eat, complete relaxation. Summer theatres. William Peters, Manager, Box 422, Lakeville, Conn. HEmlock 5-2871.

APPLE-ROW INN, Standish, Maine. What's unique? The food, comfort, flowers, our "clever" saddle horses and riding trails, private beach; nearby golf courses, Sebago Lake, ocean beaches, mountains. Size—30 guests in main house and cottages—on 70 acres. Folder.

CHASES ON TORSEY LAKE, Readfield, Maine. Offers an enjoyable vacation for all: unsurpassed small mouth black bass fishing, lake and shore activities, music, games in lakeshore lodge, private cottages, perfect meals, American plan. Booklet.

THE FALES. 500 acres woodland beauty. Excellent food. Williamstown, Mass.

DAVID'S FOLLY . . . Saltwater farm on Penobscot Bay offers you country living among congenial people and beautiful surroundings. Minerva Cutler, Westbrooksville, Maine.

RESIDENT CENTER FOR MUSICIANS AND ARTISTS. The Goddard Music and Art Center offers amateur chamber musicians, artists and craftsmen, the help of a skilled professional staff in an informal program. Play, paint, make jewelry to your heart's content in beautiful Green Mountain setting. Fine meals, relaxed atmosphere. July 6 to August 24. $60 weekly. Write Evalyn Bates, Box S, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1261

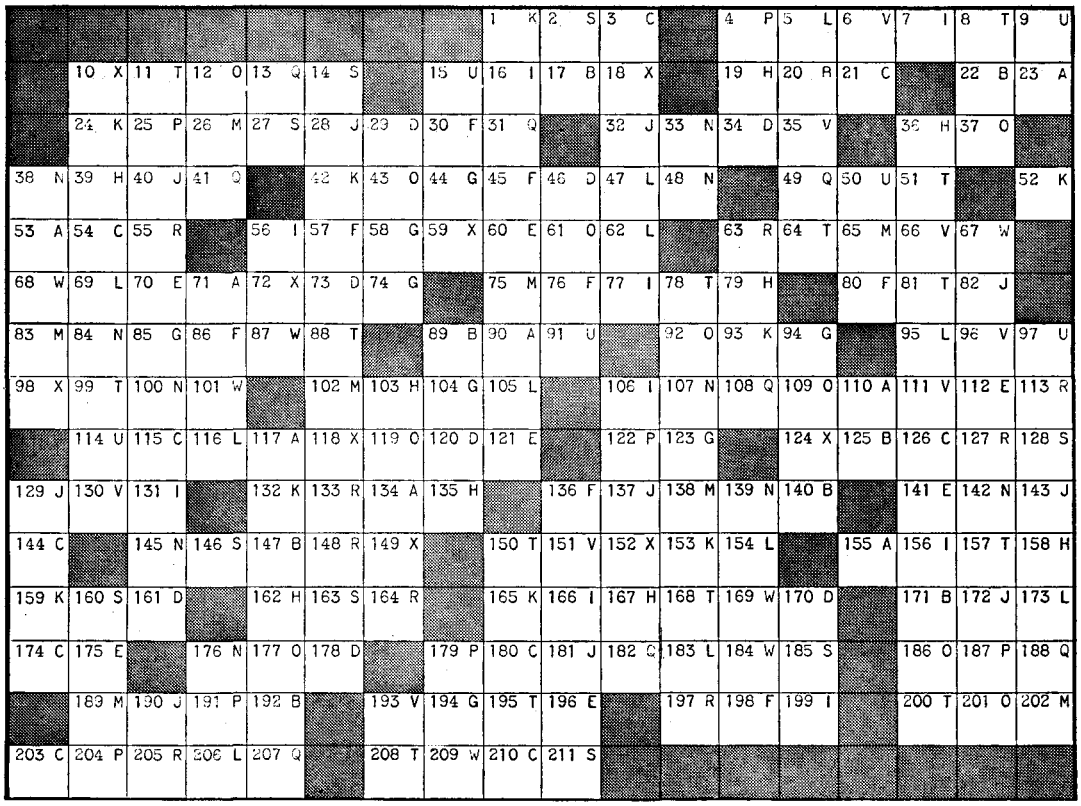
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Strong attachment; ardor.	155 110 117 90 71 53 23 134
B. Dining hall, esp. in a monastery.	192 140 89 17 125 22 20 171 147
C. Conventional phrase before signing (2 wds.).	210 180 144 126 174 21 115 203 54 3
D. Branch of mechanics which treats of kinematics and kinetics.	178 161 73 29 34 46 120 170
E. Characterized by extensive knowledge of a bookish kind.	175 60 112 196 70 141 121
F. V.I.P.'s.	57 86 136 80 45 76 198 30
G. General state of marriage approved by Christian church, subject to certain modifications within sects.	104 194 123 85 74 58 44 94
H. Exact opposite.	162 19 167 36 158 103 135 39 79
I. Russian operatic basso, known also as concert singer who popularized "Volga Boatmen" and "Song of the Flea" (1873-1938).	131 16 77 166 7 56 106 156 199
J. Paternity.	32 172 129 137 40 181 28 190 143 82
K. Usual domestic illumination before installation of gaslight (2 wds.).	132 165 52 24 159 42 153 93 1
L. A class of light, humorous, vocal or instrumental compositions, designed for use in acknowledging much applause (2 wds.).	5 206 95 116 69 105 62 183 154 173 47
M. Crystallized ferrous sulphate.	83 202 75 189 138 26 65 102
N. Persian rug of one of the cheaper grades.	38 107 139 145 33 100 48 142 176 84
O. Indifferent; unconcerned; adjective most admired, after "sophisticated," by the Fitzgerald heroine.	119 186 37 109 201 61 12 43 177 92
P. Parties al fresco.	191 25 179 122 187 4 204
Q. Small stand often flanking a long sofa (2 wds.).	31 41 207 182 108 49 13 188
R. In any event; come what may! (3 wds.).	205 197 133 63 113 127 55 164 148
S. Englishman; Scottish Lowlander.	211 146 128 14 185 163 160 27 2
T. "The fleetest steed" departed (acc'g to Macaulay in "Battle of Lake Regillus"; 3 wds.).	168 208 11 78 150 88 81 200 99 8 157 51 64 195
U. Winning suit in cards.	15 91 50 97 114 9
V. Since (3 wds.).	151 6 66 130 35 193 96 111
W. Recompense; requital.	184 67 68 209 169 101 87
X. Conveying a legitimate meaning under obscure or ambiguous allusions.	18 152 118 59 98 124 149 72 10

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"By all odds Moravia's most ambitious, most deeply felt, and most impressive novel."

John Barkham, SATURDAY REVIEW SYNDICATE

TWO WOMEN

BY

Alberto Moravia

author of THE WOMAN OF ROME

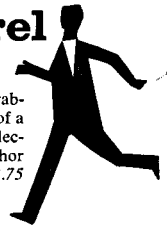
$4.95 now at your bookstore

Photograph by Philippe Halsman

The Magic Barrel

By BERNARD MALAMUD

The famous comic-tragic tale of Leo Finkle, a rabbinical student looking for a wife with the help of a marriage broker, is the title story in this first collection of unusual short fiction by the author of *The Assistant.* *$3.75*



"Solid and entrancing entertainment..."*

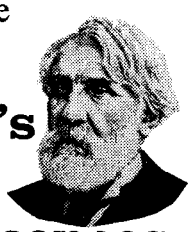
Lover's Point

By C. Y. LEE

author of *The Flower Drum Song* (slated to be Rodgers and Hammerstein's next musical)

*"A marvelous blending of traditional Chinese delicacy and simplicity and the realism of America. Those who have experienced *The Flower Drum Song* need no further recommendation; those who haven't can take my word that they are due for a few hours of delight and laughter."—*Los Angeles Times.* *$3.75*

A major literary event—for the first time in English



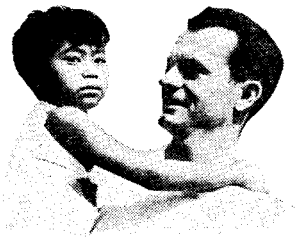
Turgenev's Literary Reminiscences

Translated, and with an introduction, by David Magarshack
Prefatory essay by Edmund Wilson

This fascinating volume includes discussions on the art of creative writing (What makes a great writer? Should he identify with controversial political issues?); reminiscences of Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol and Belinsky; and brilliant autobiographical sketches (about a guillotining in Paris, prophets he knew, dogs he loved). *$5.00*

Colette's MITSOU and MUSIC-HALL SIDELIGHTS

"How Girls Learn" ("Comment l'esprit vient aux filles") is the theme of this saucy book by the woman whose love stories are unmatched for their frankness and delicacy. In MITSOU, it is a lovely but gauche young music-hall actress who tries desperately to educate herself for her dashing lover. In MUSIC-HALL SIDELIGHTS, it is the young Colette whom we follow as she learns her art touring the provinces. *$3.75*



To a people who still believed in witch doctors, they brought the magic of modern medicine

The Edge of Tomorrow

By THOMAS A. DOOLEY, M.D.
author of *Deliver Us From Evil*

This is the story of how six young Americans, led by the author, traveled to the distant kingdom of Laos, 5 miles from the Red China border . . . and how they fought disease and superstition with antibiotics and antiseptics; the threat of Communism with the experience of democracy-in-action. *Illustrated, $3.75*

Now at your bookstore

FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED